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REV. J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A.

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CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

THE two great forces by which Christianity moved the world in its first and most glorious days were the preaching of the gospel of the grace of God, and the manifestation of the transforming power of that grace on personal character in the creation of a Christian brotherhood. It did not attempt to work a political revolution, but it taught great principles, and set in action mighty forces, which changed the entire relations of men to each other. It did not assail the institutions of society which lay outside the Church of Christ, but it sought so to revolutionize the hearts of all those who came under its sway, that society itself was transformed to the extent of its influence. Men were not only cleansed from grosser forms of sin, but redeemed from the selfishness which made them indifferent, if not hostile, to one another; and gathered into a new society, whose one law was love, and in which it was the duty of each to watch over the interest, and minister to the good of all the rest. "Knit together in love" was the motto of this new community, which by this very quality astonished and moved that hard Pagan world to which it spake the message of Divine love.

Brotherhood and fraternity are terms which may with many have fallen into disrepute. The one savours of cant and the other of revolution. Shall we substitute another word to express the same idea? It may at least have the merit of freshness. Shall we say that the relation which is

to be established in the Church of Christ is that of comradeship? We are comrades in a great war, comrades in a weary pilgrimage, comrades in a work overwhelming in its magnitude, pressing heavily in its responsibilities. How continually is this relationship insisted upon in the New Testament. We are fellow-workers with God, we are fellow-helpers of the truth, we are fellow-soldiers in the kingdom of God. What does all this mean but that we are comrades? Comradeship is the word which describes with great truth the relation of Christian men to one another.

Nowhere have we the slightest hint in the New Testament of an attempt to set up an artificial and unreal equality, which if it were created to-day would disappear to-morrow. To attempt this would be to undertake a task to which all the religion and all the legislation of all the world would be unequal. Even if some absolute rule of equality were established, it would be broken before the ink on the parchment was dry. It needs no argument to show that men are not equal. There are differences in mental power and in moral quality, and while these exist they are certain to produce corresponding differences in the condition of men. There are, no doubt, inequalities which law or the custom of society creates, that ought to be removed. The selfishness of the heart, too, tempts the strong to press his advantage unduly, and to show a want of consideration for the weak which tends ever to become harder and more tyrannical. This is what Christianity has to correct. It wages war against covetousness, which it brands as idolatry; against pride, against self-seeking, against self-indulgence. So far is it from seeking to establish a perfect equality, that the New Testament clearly contemplates a society in which men of all grades shall be united, and in which this very diversity shall afford opportunity for the culture of the highest Christian graces. It nowhere teaches that it is necessary in order to the communion and fellowship of men that all should be exactly equally endowed, but only that heart should answer to heart, and that among all there should be loving sympathy, brotherly love, and mutual helpfulness.

The Church has always attracted to itself men of different

offices, different gifts, different positions. It gathered in its first days men who were of Cæsar's household, soldiers of the Pretorian guard, and slaves. It did not alter their positions, but it made them comrades, and it taught them to live together in love of the brethren. So still there are in it the weak and there are the strong, and it is the duty of the strong to help the weak, to bear the infirmities of the weak. There are those who have and those who have not; and it is the duty of the rich to minister to the help of the poor, and in doing it to make them feel that it is done, not in a spirit of vulgar and selfish condescension, but as by brother to brother. The Epistles are full of exhortations to the discharge of the duties of the brotherhood, all of them exhibiting those altruistic ideas which have been paraded in our days as a new discovery, but which are of the essence of the gospel. They have been stifled by a false theology, or a still falser ecclesiasticism; and they have been thrust into the background by a selfishness which would make sacrifices of money or service on the altar of Christ, but is unwilling to surrender its avarice or its pride; but they remain written in the book to testify what Christianity was meant to be. "Look not everyman on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." "Let love of the brethren continue."

It is a matter of history that this development of Christianity was one of the mightiest forces that contributed to its growth in early times. The preaching of the gospel was a startling novelty, but the life of the Church was a novelty also. Had the words which were spoken simply ended in words, and not been translated into life, they would in all probability have been forgotten and disobeyed. But the word became mighty when it was seen represented in the temper of the new converts, in the lives of Christians and their relations to one another, in the unity which obtained amongst them, and in the power which, as loving one another and welded into one great spiritual force, they were able to exert upon the world. From the very beginning, therefore, it was recognized by the enemies of the gospel as

one of the great secrets of its power. It would have been impressive had it stood alone, but as a fruit of the gospel it became a demonstration that that gospel was the mighty power of God. How could it be otherwise? Perhaps there never has been an age in which selfishness was more absolute, more rampant, more unrestrained by any consideration, than that in which the gospel was first preached, at all events in the great regions of the heathen world. Perhaps those who are familiar with the world of to-day may receive such a statement with a smile of incredulity. Surely, they may say, the passion for wealth and luxury could never have been more intense or more reckless as to the methods employed for its gratification. Could the competition for wealth be more eager, the ostentation of success more insolent, the self-indulgence more lavish in its waste or more vulgar in its spirit? Have we not to-day a leisured class who answer to Froude's description of the Roman nobles, "powerful animals, with an enormous appetite for pleasure"? Do not the records of society contain many a page which are a disgrace to our humanity and civilization! Thousands of pounds expended for the gratification of an hour, while all around there are cries for the exhibition of self-denial and for the exercise of benevolence. One cannot be surprised at the indignation, not alone at the contrasts between extreme wealth and poverty, but at the luxurious indulgence, say rather the wicked profusion, with which the wealth is so frequently spent. Apparently there are among us not a few who profess extreme care as to the religion of the common people, but who for themselves reverse the Lord's teaching, and believe that the meat is more than the life, and the raiment than the body. But, after all, there is another side to the question. The misery of London is great, and it looks all the more ghastly by the side of the bedizened selfishness which passes it by in indifference, flaunts its pomps and vanities before its eyes, or contemptuously tosses it the crumbs which fall from the costly banquets of its extravagant wealth. But the benevolence of London is great also. There is not a scheme which can be suggested that really promises to minister to the lifting

up of men but there are numbers who are prepared to help it forward, and numbers, not only within the Christian Church, but many who are outside, and are not influenced by its principles. The contrast, therefore, between the state of things to-day and that in which the apostles had to preach the gospel is sufficiently marked and striking. The indirect power of the gospel has been great. In that age every man was for himself. Selfishness owned no law, was restrained by no scruple, was not softened and mellowed by any atmosphere of kindness prevailing around. There was no higher and purer ideal worked out in the lives of men to act as a silent monitor, rebuking this prevailing selfishness. Each man was for himself, and the world did not expect from him anything better. Men were fighting against each other, intriguing against one another—but the ministry of love, carried out in the spirit of self-forgetfulness, was unknown. To that society came the gospel. It established a Christian fellowship, and set in action a new spiritual power, borrowed from the cross, by which selfishness was to be subdued, isolation changed into brotherhood or comradeship, suspicion or indifference transformed into kindness and love one to another. The power of that it is not possible to estimate. Men came out of the cold, chilling atmosphere of the world—the atmosphere of hard cynicism or selfish pleasure—into the warmth and brightness found inside this little enclosure (for little it was then) of the Church of Christ. They felt themselves in a new world. Here they were brethren. They were taught to think of one another, taught to watch over one another, drawn to love one another by their common love to Christ, became helpers of each other's faith, sharers of each other's joy.

How could this brotherhood fail to be a power? The world was full then, as it is full now, of those who were well-nigh frozen to death by the pitiless blasts of the world, and this shelter of true and loving hearts was as welcome as it was unexpected. The Church, then, was a reality. We are taunted to-day with the reproach that we employ "old-world cures we half believe 'to remedy' ills men

wholly feel." A hopeless task, indeed, when the ills are so very real. That certainly was not so then. The ills were even worse in those early days, but the faith was as real too. Faith in Christ united men to one another. He was their Master, and so they were brethren. The Church was not simply a gathering together of men now and then for some religious function or service, but it was a fellowship of hearts inspired by one grand purpose, filled with one ardent desire, consecrated to one service, and from the very nature of that service constrained to help one another. The world felt the power of this new element which had come into its society, and its influence extended even beyond those who had yielded themselves up to the dominion of this new faith.

If we come down the centuries, and follow the history of the Church in later times, we shall find that, as this idea was lost or obscured, as the Church became more and more a great priestly confederacy, as its character of home life and brotherly love was lost, its power declined. It proved itself mighty for the overthrow of strongholds of Satan, while it remained true to its first conception as a great brotherhood. It gained in worldly splendour, but it lost spiritual force, when it was transformed into a powerful corporation with a hierarchy.

Then there sprung up other institutions which were designed to regain this lost idea, and to develope it in its old character and its original force. We are bound to recognize the good that was in monasticism itself. It was in some points an attempt to work out an impracticable ideal, as contrary to the will of God as to the nature of man; it put aside a great many of the distinctive precepts of the gospel; above all, it forgot the essential character of Christian life. For Christian life was not to be a tree kept apart from the world as something very precious but very delicate and tender, so tender that it was not to be exposed to the blast of temptation, but rather one which though planted by the rivers of waters was to gain strength amid the rude storms and tempests amid which it was to grow. It was to be a life lived in the world, influencing the world

and blessing it. In its forgetfulness of that, Monasticism had in itself the element of self-destruction. Still, with all its fallacies leading on to something worse, with all the elements of the old Pharisaism, its outwardness and formalism, its pride and arrogance—it did nevertheless grasp this thought, that the power of Christian life must manifest itself in Christian comradeship, that men must be brethren, and in the idea of that brotherhood was the strength by which it was able to survive.

If we travel down to better regions and better times, what was one of the great forces of the uprising of Methodism in this country? No one who is fully acquainted with the history of Methodism will deny that it does in some points answer to the description of the primitive Church which we have given. It had just two qualities, two forces—preaching the gospel and Christian brotherhood. For what was the class-meeting, what is it wherever it survives in its best form, but the embodiment of the idea of comradeship? It was a revival of the two great forces by which the world had been turned upside down in the first ages. Refusing to establish any new community, John Wesley was desirous, nevertheless, to provide what he did not find provided, and what cannot be provided, in a national Church—the inability to provide it being the condemnation of every national Church. He desired to provide a spiritual home, in which Christian men should meet together, not as citizens, not as mere professors of a particular creed, but as heirs of the same salvation, the servants of the same Christ, the converted men who owned the work of the same Spirit. These men were to be comrades to help one another, to be united in affection and in sympathy. The class-meeting was a society of spiritual men for mutual help, and it became a mighty force, as all true Christian fellowship must be a mighty force. Let us come down later to our own times, and to one of the remarkable movements of that time, that of the Salvation Army. What is the good that is in it? There must be some good. We may all be offended at many of the methods by which it carries on its work, perhaps con-

denn the principles of its constitution. We may disapprove of the fantastic titles it has assumed, and which it seeks to import into Christian service, but there remains the fact that men are touched. We have often heard the teaching, and must confess it has always been difficult to understand how it has aroused the consciences of men, convinced them of sin, or led them to Christ. It is difficult to realize that it could have a power, but that it has a power somewhere is not open to doubt. That power is to be found in the development of an idea which is essential to all Christian life, but has fallen too much into disregard in settled Christian communities. Comradeship, judging from the life of the soldier in actual warfare, must necessarily involve care for others as well as for himself. He does not stand alone, but is one of a host in which each is to contribute to the efficiency of the whole. If his comrade is faint-hearted he encourages him; if he should be wounded he gives him whatever succour is possible; should he be tempted to desert he recalls him to his sense of duty, and unless he does this he cannot prove himself loyal to the common cause. This is the idea which the Salvation Army has caught, and in the embodiment of it has found its strength. It is all the more remarkable because with it is associated a system of military subordination and discipline altogether alien to the spirit of the gospel. It gathers the power of the community round the individual, to uphold, stimulate, and confirm him. No doubt this is pushed to excess, but in itself it is one of the vital principles of Church life, and one which, alas! has been too much overlooked by the Churches of to-day.

It is not desirable that a man should be for ever treated as a child, always needing sympathy, encouragement, and help—always requiring the guidance and watchfulness of tutors and governors, with his freedom restrained by law and his individuality absorbed in the confederacy to which he belongs. There may be some who will never outgrow the stage of childhood, and will therefore always be more or less dependent on this kind of discipline. But this is not a normal development. Every man should be trained to

bear his own burdens, but even this education will be largely advanced by a wise exhibition of fraternal sympathy. The Church which does not realize this is not fulfilling the law of Christ. That law is the sanctification and extension of the practical wisdom which is expressed by the writer of Ecclesiastes, "Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, and hath not one to lift him up. Again, if two be together, then they have warmth; but how can one be warm alone? And if a man prevail against him that is alone, two shall withstand him; and a threefold cord is not easily broken." It would not be easy to find a passage more suggestive, setting forth more fully the blessedness of Christian brotherhood, or indicating more truly the cause of much that is weak and sickly in our Church life.

How frequently do we hear the expression of a painful sense of isolation among members of the Church. They hardly know their fellow-members, still less are they cared for by them. They meet at the house of God; they may sit side by side at the table of the Lord; they may even do so for years, and yet there is no recognition. The pastor possibly does his best to maintain such interest in individual members as is compatible with the discharge of his multifarious duties, and, whatever he does, he is pretty sure to be blamed because he does no more; the fact being that he is expected alone to meet responsibilities which rest upon the entire fellowship. In other words, the deficiency is felt, and the leader is made the scapegoat for a failure which probably he is doing more than any one else to correct. Probably he is not free from blame, although, poor man! he has very many pleas he can urge in his own defence. For this especially he may be open to censure, that he has not given prominence to the idea of mutual help, and sought to organize methods for its effective discharge. He has accepted a notion only too common that on him alone rests the responsibility for maintaining the unity of the fellowship. The highest work of the wise pastor is here in breaking down the barriers which separate men from one another; in promoting

kindly and sympathetic fellowship; in short, in so calling forth the wisdom, strength, and experience of the Church for the good of its poverty, its ignorance, and its weakness, that fraternity shall not be an idle name in the very sound of which there is a certain ring of mockery, nor a dream which flits before the fancy as something too bright to be turned into fact, but a reality whose beauty and force are recognized by all. It can hardly be denied that the Salvation Army is endeavouring to do this. It takes a recruit whom it has probably found wallowing in the mire of sensualism and vice, and treats him as a brother in whom are boundless possibilities for good. One whose hand has been against every man because he believed every one's hand had been against him; who had lost hope and heart because he had lost faith in humanity; who supposed himself friendless, and therefore had become hard and vile; suddenly finds himself among those who show practical interest in him, by acting towards him in the spirit of the good Samaritan. They have made his spiritual welfare a subject of serious thought, and for it are ready to make personal sacrifices. They make him feel that they are on his side because they are on the Master's side, and for the Master's sake they bear him up with willing hands as well as with earnest prayers. They watch over him; they rebuke or exhort as occasion may seem to require; they weep with him if he has reason to weep; they seek after him if he wanders; they lift him up if he falls. So despite its apparatus of sensationalism, its grotesque dresses, its flaming advertisements, its noisy bands which its leaders declare to be necessary to attract the careless, but which are offensive to numbers who cannot be reproached with an excessively fastidious taste, the Army has achieved a remarkable success. If the Church would rival its attainments, it must cultivate the grace by which they have been won. Stately buildings and refined services may have their own advantage, but certain it is they will not recover those of whom we are too prone to speak as the "lapsed masses." If we are to win them for Christ—and there was hardly more room for such conquest in old Rome

than in modern London—we must employ the old methods. Love to God and man must be the ruling motive. It must inspire the teaching of the pulpit, but even more necessary is it that it should govern the action of the members of the Church themselves. It is not necessary to lay down any plans for its action, for its strength will depend largely upon its spontaneity, and its methods must be varied according to the diversity of circumstances. Love needs no instructions, and it is an essential of this comradeship that it should be rooted and grounded in love. A Church which is filled with this spirit must be a power.

This comradeship is something much greater than the outcome of an amiable and friendly disposition. To do good to those who are good to us, to distribute of our abundance, or render our service to those in whom we are interested, and so to increase our own pleasure by gratifying our own instincts, is hardly to be regarded as a virtue at all. It is only as we recognize and meet the claims of weakness and ignorance, suffering and sorrow, however unattractive and even repellent those by whom they are urged, that we are at all carrying out the requirements of Christian principle. Our Master laid His gracious hand upon the leper in whose touch was corruption, because it was only thus that he could be made to feel the blessedness of the Divine sympathy. So must it be with us. Taste must not be consulted if we are to be helpers of our brethren in the terrible warfare of life. We must be ready to help those who have no claim upon us except that of their necessity. To enter into the doubts and difficulties of all ; to make our life a gracious ministry of love and service ; to do this, not where there are special affinities and sympathies, but everywhere as we have opportunity—in short, to feel that whatever we possess is to be used, not for our own purposes and our own pleasure, but for the good not only of the household of faith, but of all men—this is true brotherhood, and to reach it there must be a real largeness of soul. It means nothing less than the suppression of self, and that, possibly, for the good of those from whom we might turn away with indifference were it not that we are under the law to Christ.

There are few lessons which we need to have more strongly accentuated at the present time than this. There is a peril lest Churches, even those which profess to be most anxious to preserve the simplicity of Christ, should fail at this point. A body of men meeting together for purposes of worship, or even united for works of Christian extension, even though it profess a Christian creed and observe the most sacred of Christian ordinances, does not thereby rise to the true idea of a Church. There must be unity which finds expression in something more than common worship. There must be the spirit which we have sought to describe within the Church itself, and where that is rightly developed it will extend its influence outside. It will be felt that all men are brothers, and all alike near and dear to the heart of God, and in the Spirit of the great Master, who was not ashamed to call us brethren, we shall go to them who now are far off to tell them the message of the Father's love. Thus and thus only can we prove ourselves followers of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.

LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA.

A STUDY OF THE SECOND CENTURY.

BY J. BRIERLEY, B.A.

IN the remarkable address delivered to the Baptist Union at its April session by Dr. Clifford there was a reference to Lucian as one of the early opponents of Christianity. Whether he may with correctness be thus designated is a matter of some controversy, about which we shall have more to say hereafter. But apart from his relation to the Christian Church, there is to the student, and especially the Christian student, something peculiarly interesting in the career and in the utterance of this great heathen writer of the second century. The manifold genius of the

man, his immense erudition, the Attic grace of his style, which recalls the golden age of Greek literature, his versatility, now in his reckless gaiety and merciless satire reminding us of Aristophanes, and again, by his penetrating analysis of the most complicated philosophical problems, seeming to make Socrates speak again—all this draws us to him. But what, after all, most enchains us is the vivid picture his writings give of the life and manners of that strange time. We have brought before us, as though an electric light had been turned on the picture, the whole phantasmagoria of that Greek-Roman civilization in its period of decay. We see there the morbid symptoms of it, the utter bewilderment of opinion, with the old beliefs gone and no new ones to take their place, the shameless profligacy, the intolerable airs of the wealthy and the ridiculous antics of the social parasites who surrounded them, the contemptible hypocrisy of the swarms of sophists who, themselves utterly vicious, made a market of their professions of virtue, and here and there the pathetic struggles of some nobler spirit, a Nigrerius or a Demonax striving amid the prevailing corruption to carve out for himself some semblance of a nobler life. It may be worth our while to try and place ourselves, if only for a moment, at the mental standpoint of Lucian, this man who, with a luminous intellect, versed in all the literature of his time, seeking for himself to penetrate the mystery of life, finds nothing in the accepted religion of his country but a collection of childish superstitions, in philosophy only the clash of warring sects, and pretensions which disappear at the first touch of criticism, and to whom Christianity meant only the faint rumour about a bizarre cult of some obscure people not worthy the attention of a thinker. The interest with which we study such a mental interior is not simply historical. For we see in what passed in this man's mind the reflection of very much that is found in the educated intellect of to-day. It is, in fact, from the close resemblance of many of the phenomena, intellectual and moral, of the second century, as revealed in Lucian's pages, with those of the nineteenth, and the message of

warning which these phenomena of the earlier age bring to us of the later, that such a study as this seems to us to derive its value.

Lucian was a native of Samosata, a town on the Euphrates. His birth, the exact date of which is not known with precision, is supposed to have taken place at the end of the reign of Adrian, or at the beginning of that of Antoninus Pius—from 137 to 140 A.D. After leaving school, as he tells us in "The Dream"—a work from which we get some interesting biographical details—he was placed first with an uncle who was a sculptor. He gives us a lively account of this first attempt to establish him. Having had the misfortune to break the tablet of marble which had been given him for the purpose of making his first essay, his new master caught up a strap and inflicted on him a severe chastisement. Smarting from his wounds, he fled home and told to his indignant mother the story of his ill-treatment. That night, he says, he had a dream which decided his destiny. Two female figures stood before him, the one representing Sculpture, and the other Knowledge. The first, who had a rough exterior with the dress and manner of the working class, told him if he would give himself to her, he should do work as great as that of Phidias or Praxiteles, and that men should worship as gods the offspring of his skill. The other figure, who was beautifully dressed and had a noble and engaging air, then spoke in a way which gives us a curious idea of the social estimation in which a sculptor was at that time held. "Follow Sculpture," says she, "and you will be after all only a workman, receiving a trifling emolument, isolated from all, a man lost in the crowd, on your knees before the great. Though you should become a Phidias and produce a thousand *chefs d'œuvre* it will be your art and not you that men will praise." She then proceeds to enlarge on the fortune and renown that await him if he follows herself. He will be loaded with honours, ranked among the noblest; every one who meets him will point him out to his neighbour and say, "That is he." After this he bade adieu to sculpture and, as an introduction to letters, entered on the

career of an advocate in the tribunals of Antioch. But he had not yet found his true vocation. The "gentlemen of the long robe" who in most times appear to have had a somewhat sinister reputation, receive anything but a flattering character from Lucian. According to him, knavery, lying, impudence, brawling, and bawling were amongst the regular tools and stock-in-trade of the profession. He left it to become a professional rhetorician. It was in this line of things that his genius immediately declared itself. In those days the orator was in immense vogue. The Empire seems to have been an even better hunting-ground for the travelling lecturer than America is to-day. The rhetor, or sophist, arriving at a town in Gaul or Italy or Syria, announced an oration, and, if he had any reputation, he was sure of a crowd who paid handsomely for the treat he had given them. Lucian followed this career for some time with splendid success, traversing Ionia, Achaia, Macedonia, Italy, and Gaul. During this period he took up his abode for a time at Athens in order to perfect himself in his Greek studies. From there he proceeded to Rome, where he made the acquaintance of the philosopher Nigrerius, whom he has immortalized in his work of that name. Having now become rich, he made a second sojourn at Athens, enjoying the society of Demonax, of whom he has given us a striking eulogium, and whose life of lofty simplicity stands out in striking contrast to that of the horde of greedy adventurers who usurped and disgraced the name of philosophy. It was now, having reached his fortieth year, and when his mind was at the height of its analytic and creative force that, applying himself to the serious study of philosophy, he began to produce the works which have immortalized him. He had previously gained the ear of his contemporaries. He now spoke to all time. Become one of the most illustrious men of the age, he made a visit to his native town of Samosata, where he had a splendid reception. Some time after this he obtained an important post in the imperial administration in Egypt. He lived to an advanced age, dying, it is stated, of an attack of gout.

Let us now see some of the things this man had to say to the world. In the necessarily meagre and imperfect sketch, which is all we can give here, we will endeavour briefly to indicate his attitude to the paganism of the time, to its philosophy, to its social conditions, and, finally, his position with reference to Christianity.

As to the first point, no better evidence could be adduced of the universal decay of faith in the gods of Olympus than the writings of our author. That a man who used such license of language with reference to the national religion should have enjoyed, as he did, the highest consideration with both rulers and people, shows the striking change which had come over the minds of men with reference to the ancient divinities. At an earlier period such utterances would infallibly have brought upon him the fate of Socrates. In his "Dialogues of the Gods" he brings on to his stage, one after another, the whole Olympian troupe, and exhibits them in rôles as absurd as that of the traditional policeman in a Christmas pantomime. In "Jupiter Confounded" he delivers a more serious attack. Taking up the received mythology, he proves that, on its own showing, the gods, with Jupiter at their head, are impotent and insignificant, seeing it is by the *Pasce*, the fateful sisters who spin or cut the thread of destiny, that all affairs in heaven and earth are, in the long run, decided. In his work on "Sacrifices," after holding up to ridicule the methods adopted in different countries for propitiating their deities, he thus concludes: "All this superstition accepted by the vulgar mind has, in my view, less need of a censor than of a Democritus or an Heraclitus, the one to laugh at the folly of men, the other to weep over their ignorance."

But if this keen intellect can find no path to truth along the line of the old traditions, what has he to say of the philosophy in vogue amongst the learned? His verdict here is not a whit more favourable. Perhaps his most important and suggestive deliverance on this subject is found in his "Hermotimus or the Sects." In this famous dialogue he introduces a devoted adherent of the Stoic school, who has for many years devoted all his time and

energy and fortune to the business of gaining the "Sovereign good" by philosophy. A friend, Lycernis, enters into controversy with him, and, using the Socratic method, begins to push him with embarrassing questions. In answering them he is obliged to confess that he has not yet attained what he seeks, and that to do so will take him many years at his present rate of progress. "But has his favourite teacher attained it himself? If so, how comes it that one who should be free from avarice, from anger, from the grosser appetites, is one about whom proofs to the contrary are so numerous? Then why is he sure that the Stoic philosophy is the true one? Are there not many other systems—the Peripatetic, the Platonist, the Epicurean, the Pythagorean? Do not these differ in vital points? In order to pronounce as to which of these is true it will be necessary, will it not, to study them thoroughly; and as to become a proficient in any one of them requires, according to their own account, at least twenty years, how long must a man live before he has found out which way to follow? If it be said that at the outset he must make a choice of guides, the question comes, How is he to know who are the true guides? Who is to direct his choice? If he take the testimony of others, will he not require testimony about these others, and so *ad infinitum*?" In a striking passage our author then pictures Virtue as a kind of celestial city, to which men need to make a sort of pilgrim's progress. The inhabitants are none of them born in the city, but are immigrants from other lands. The conditions of entrance are that a man have intelligence, the love of goodness, the scorn of low delights, a soul which shows no yielding to the difficulties to be encountered on the way thither. In reading this one might imagine we had before us a page of Bunyan. But in what follows there creeps out our author's scepticism—a scepticism which is the more mournful since it seems forced upon him, spite of his yearning for the higher life. "Alas!" says he, "in setting out for this city one encounters a crowd of men who profess to be guides. But the roads by which they propose to conduct you are not the same. They run in opposite directions. Some

lead East and some West, some take you through deserts and wildernesses, and others through gardens of delight. But each competitor declares that he is the proper guide, and his way the right one." The bewildered Stoic is thus pushed from point to point till all his ideas and arguments are shown, one by one, to be worthless. He weeps in his despair, exclaiming, "Oh! what have you done to me, Lycernis? You have reduced my treasure to ashes. I have lost, I see it too clearly, all my years and my painful endeavours." In the end Lycernis, the questioner, recommends him to "determine henceforth to live like the rest of the world, instead of pursuing foolish hopes and ambitious ideas." And Hermotimus goes away with the determination to give up everything—the special garb he had worn, his studies, his severity of life; "and as for philosophers, if, by chance, and spite of my precautions, I encounter any of them, I will get out of their way as though I were running from a mad dog." From this, at first sight, we might imagine that Lucian's attribute was one of universal scepticism, that with him truth was to be found nowhere, that it was no use troubling ourselves about the higher questions of life, and that the true wisdom was to let everything go, and live as we list. That, however, would, we believe, be a misconception of his meaning. His hand, it is true, is against the professed exponents of truth, but not against the true and good in itself, or the quest of it. One sentence from the work we have been quoting gives us, perhaps, the best idea of what he is really driving at:

Evidently you have never reflected that virtue consists principally in acts, in the practice of justice, of wisdom, and of courage. You, on the contrary, and by you I mean the chiefs of the philosophic sects, neglect this practical business, in order to exercise yourselves in syllogisms, in embarrassing questions, in a miserable play upon words, and in these puerilities you take up the greater part of your lives.

What, after all, is this but, in substance, Matthew Arnold's dictum, that conduct is three-fourths of life? That he had a real admiration for goodness when fortunate enough to meet with it, is sufficiently shown by his biographical

sketches of Nigrerius and of Demonax, two philosophers with whom successively he had lived on the most intimate terms, with the one at Rome and the other at Athens, and whom he paints as filled with the loftiest ideal of life, scorning riches and all that the world ran after, and occupying themselves with the pursuit of truth and the practice of virtue. And no one can read his noble eulogy of Demosthenes without feeling that his nature had in it quick response to true greatness.

But, unquestionably, the rôle of Lucian amongst the schools of philosophy was not so much to ascertain and declare what is true as to unveil error and lash hypocrisy. Never was there a more biting satirist, and never had satirist a richer field for his powers. With the unbridled license of an Aristophanes, he has also hits so full of the modern spirit that one might fancy we had a Voltaire or a Thackeray talking to us through a telephone across sixteen centuries. Here is a photograph of the Sophists of his day :

There has arisen of late to the surface of society a set of people, idle, quarrelsome, greedy, swollen with insolence—"a useless burden to the earth," as Homer says. These men, having formed themselves into different groups, have invented I know not how many labyrinths of words, and call themselves Stoics, Academicians, Epicureans, Peripatetics, and other names still more ridiculous. Dressing themselves in the respectable garb of virtue, with solemn look and long beard they go about, disguising the infamy of their morals under this taking exterior, like the "supers" at a theatre, all mask and gold-broidered robe, showing, when these are taken off, nothing but a miserable half-sized abortion who gets five shillings for a representation. Getting around them a number of easily-duped young men, they declaim to them with a tragic air the commonplaces of morals. In presence of their disciples they laud to the skies temperance and courage, disparaging riches and pleasure, but when left to themselves who can describe their gormandizing, their lubricity, their money-grubbing ?

Scathing words these, which have been true before now of Christian ecclesiastics as well as of heathen sophists. In such portraits of the moral teachers of the age, of which we have innumerable similar specimens, we are continually reminded of the pictures of the monks of the Middle Ages

given in that book which has been described as the egg out of which Luther hatched the Reformation, the "*Litteræ Obscurorum Virorum*." To be the professional exponent of morality is a perilous business, whether the morality be that of the Bible or of the Schools. Woe be to society when the work falls into the hands of insincere and ignoble souls!

But if at times, as in the passage above quoted, Lucian pours hot indignation over these hypocritical teachers, his usual vein is one of mocking irony. In one of his "*Dialogues of the Dead*," for instance, he sketches a company of passengers whom Charon, assisted as usual by Mercury, is about to ferry across the Styx. Amongst them is one of our philosophers. Charon complains that his boat is old and crazy, and says that to lighten it the passengers must strip themselves of everything superfluous. When it comes to the turn of the philosopher to be examined an amusing scene commences. Says Mercury, "But who is this man with the grave demeanour, the lofty air, and the long beard?" One replies, "It is a sophist, Mercury. Strip him, and you will find some laughable things under his robe." Mercury: "Now, then, take off first this demeanour of yours, and then the other things. By Jupiter, what an amount of brag he has got upon him! What a quantity of ignorance, of chicanery, of captious questions, of thorny discourses, of twisted ideas! But, lo and behold! here are also gold, the taste for illicit pleasures, impudence, anger, luxury, license. Nothing of all that escapes me, spite of all your efforts to conceal it. Leave here also your lies, your pride, and that idea that you are worth so much more than everybody else. If you get into the boat with all that baggage, what vessel of fifty rowers would be sufficient to receive you?"

Parenthetically it may here be said that in these "*Dialogues of the Dead*" we get a curious glimpse into the mental interior of our author on the subject of the future state. The idea is with him absolutely emptied of every element of the serious or the awful. The personages who people the lower world are made to figure as burlesque

actors in the comedy of existence. Cerberus, Pluto, Charon, Mercury, and the shades committed to their charge, laugh, crack jokes, and exhibit themselves in absurd situations. The groans even of the rich who find themselves in these gloomy realms despoiled of all, are made to take a comical turn. With this reckless jester life is an extravaganza which is kept up with unabated spirit on both sides the grave.

But, as we have before said, the thing which, perhaps, above all others makes Lucian so interesting to us, is the vivid picture he gives us of the manners of his age. As we read his page the dead and buried century in the midst of which he stood throbs again with life. Under his guidance we find ourselves now at the banquetting table of a Roman noble, with its endless profusion, its crowds of attendant slaves, the haughty airs of the wealthier guests, the forced jests of the social parasite; or we are strolling down the Ceramicus with the Parthenon at our backs, one of a group of gossiping Greeks who, on their way to the Piræus, are discussing the politics of the hour or chuckling over some choice scandal. We are laughing spite of ourselves at the stupendous effrontery of an Alexander or Abotonichos who, in the art of humbugging a credulous people, could give points to any Cagliostro or Barnum that modern times have produced. We note in these pictures of society the brilliancy of the varnish that is on the surface of things. We shudder as we gaze into the gulfs of corruption that yawn beneath. What a curious glimpse, for instance, is that given of the morning promenade of a Roman noble who amongst his crowd of attendants has one whose function it is to nod for him to passing acquaintances, and another to inform him when the road goes down hill and when up!

And could the force of absurdity go further than in the parasite who, having exhausted every possible eulogy on his patron, at last, seeing the latter is troubled with a cough, falls back on the remark that he spits with a remarkably good grace!

One of the most striking of his social sketches is that

in which he depicts the miseries of those philosophers who consent to enter the private service of the great. As we read his description of the position of these unhappy mortals in noble households, the slights they received from both master and servants, passed over at table when the best wines and the most dainty meats were being served, made to wait on every whim and caprice of the mistress of the house, their slender purse exhausted by gifts to insolent domestics—a blackmail which they were compelled to pay if they would receive the smallest service from them—we seem to forget the lapse of centuries and to imagine we are listening to the complaint of some “poor devil” author of the eighteenth century reciting the humiliations he had to put up with from his patron, or the shrill tones of Jean Jacques Rousseau as he exclaims against the almost precisely similar treatment he met with in the households of the French *grands*.

With Lucian the rich meet with almost as severe a handling as the sophists. He is fond of showing what poor creatures they are, how absolutely dependent. “Of what use would be their pomp and magnificence if the poor chose to withhold the tribute of their admiration and envy?” He again and again urges the lesson, which is worth repeating in our own day, that the poor man, if he will only preserve the dignity and simplicity of his position, keeping free from envy and being satisfied with what he has, will have the rich man in his power, inasmuch as it is only by the admiration expressed for his magnificence by others that the latter derives from it any satisfaction or importance. He is never weary, either, of painting the disabilities of the rich. Their splendid banquets bring on a train of diseases, their possessions make them afraid of every rumour of war or violence, their heir wishes for their death and often helps it forward. Here is the soliloquy of a wealthy man who is discovered in his house at night with a pale, anxious face, counting his treasures. “There, I have seventy talents put in a place of safety. I have hid them in the ground under my bed without anybody seeing me. But I am afraid that rascally groom of mine must

have noticed the sixteen talents hid in the stable. Evidently that is why he is now so continually pottering about amongst the horses there, for he is neither careful nor industrious naturally. Unless he has been pilfering, how is it he has been able to lay in all those provisions? And I am told he has just bought his wife a collar of five drachmas. I am a lost man; these scoundrels will ruin me completely. Apropos, my plate is not well concealed, and it is plate of no ordinary kind. Well, the best way is to keep a stout guard. Let us go the round of the house. Who goes there? By Jupiter, I see you, you rascal, trying to get over the wall there! The gods be praised, it is only a pillar!" Hardly an enviable state of things this, surely! The millionaires of to-day, with their banking facilities and the possibility of solid investments, have certainly a better time of it than their brother of the second century.

It is time, however, to deal with that which, to the Christian thinker, is of critical importance in the writings of Lucian—his relation to the Church. Leaving untouched, as we are compelled to do, much of his most brilliant work, his fine art criticisms, his masterly critical treatise, "*How History should be Written*," than which surely nothing better on the subject has been or can be said, his works of fanciful imagination, which exhibit him as the Defoe or Jules Verne of his age, let us come now to his attitude to that new religion which, across all the distractions, the scepticisms, the vices of the time, was steadily making its way, destined to swallow up this old order and to create a new one. He has been quoted often as a professed enemy of the gospel, and has been, in fact, spoken of as an apostate from Christianity. For this latter supposition there is not a shadow of foundation, and that he was a professed opponent of the Church is perhaps more than a cautious writer would be inclined to say. In one direction it is certain that his influence told in favour of it. His merciless ridicule of the old paganism and his keen exposure of the deficiencies of the current philosophy helped to bring on the downfall of both, and so prepared the way for the new faith. There is evidence, in fact, in the writings of both the Greek and

the Latin fathers that in their arguments against paganism they borrowed weapons from his arsenal. His personal relation to the gospel we had best gather from his own utterances. Of the three writings attributed to him which contain direct references to Christianity, the one which takes the form of an open attack, the "Philopatris," is now generally recognized as spurious. It is a stupid and clumsy attempt to pour ridicule on the doctrine of the Trinity and other Christian beliefs, and is evidently the work of a later hand. It has in it some curious and interesting references. Thus twice over we have an oath by "the Unknown God who is adored at Athens." And this passage: "I met a bald-headed Galilean with a hooked nose who has been in the third heaven, where he heard astonishing things. He renews us by water; he makes us march in the footsteps of the blessed, and redeems us from the abode of the wicked." There is here evidently a jumble of ideas relating to Paul and to Christ. The Christians are also sneered at as people who live in the clouds, expecting nothing but evil to happen to the world and all who are in it.

In "Alexander, or the False Prophet," which is undoubtedly from Lucian's pen, there is a brief reference to the Christians, where Alexander complains that Pontus is filled with Atheists and Christians—an indirect testimony to the fact that the new doctrine was already widely spread in Asia Minor. It is, however, in his account of the death of Peregrinus that we have the most definite declaration of our author on the subject of Christianity. But here he has been misunderstood, and, amongst others, apparently by Dr. Clifford, who, in his address, speaks of him as writing disparagingly of Christian martyrdom. He pours scorn indeed on Peregrinus and on his death, which was, in fact, a showy suicide. But Peregrinus was not a professing Christian at the time of his death. He had been an adherent of the Church, but had left it to join the cynic sect of philosophers, by members of whom he was surrounded when he mounted the funeral pyre and made his theatrical exit from life. The different references in the

Peregrinus to Christ and His followers we give here word for word. Speaking of Peregrinus he says, "Many regarded him as a god, a legislator, a pontiff, equal to him who is honoured in Galilee, where he was crucified for having introduced this new cult among men." Of the Christians he says :

Nothing equals their eagerness to help unfortunate brethren. . . . These poor people think they will live eternally. In consequence they scorn punishment, and deliver themselves freely to death. . . . Their first legislator has persuaded them they are all brethren. From the time they change their religion they renounce the gods of Greece and adore the Crucified Sophist whose laws they follow. They despise equally all earthly goods, and live in common, in the complete faith they have in his words. So that if a rascal presents himself among them he can enrich himself quickly, laughing in his sleeve at their simplicity.

It is easy from these words to gather what his attitude was to the new religion. It was not that of active opposition so much as philosophic indifference. He had evidently never deeply inquired into it. Vague rumours had reached him of this faith at a time, probably, when his mind had become hardened by the habitual lashing of roguery and superstition into the idea that every new movement was only another illustration of the old wearisome story of man's folly or hypocrisy. And that such a man should have assumed such an attitude as the habitual one of his thinking is, to us, one of the most powerful testimonies to the human need for the gospel. Lucian had looked into his age to find nothing in it but emptiness and vanity. The spectacle had made him a mocker and a railer. But man cannot live by scorn alone. Human nature can never develop healthily unless, in addition to the lateral look around it, and the downward look on what is beneath it, it has also the upward look to what is above. In other words, human nature must have its ideal, its hero, its object of adoration and of love. What possibilities would have opened in this man's life had he known Christ as Paul knew Him !

And if that is the lesson we draw from the study of

Lucian himself, the one which comes from the contemplation of his age is like unto it. In our own day men are proposing to us to give up revealed religion and to rely on philosophy and culture as adequate supports of morality. The age of Lucian gives us, we think, a tolerably clear idea of what would be the results of an experiment of that kind. That age had in its memory the utterances of all the great philosophies. In the fine arts its eye was trained to the nicest appreciation of colour and form. The boasted Greek civilization had spread all over the empire. But in no time in the history of man has there been, probably, a greater moral turpitude, a more complete bewilderment in face of the enigmas of life, a more utter absence of that moral ideal which creates great characters and lifts human nature towards its true destiny. Nowhere than to the writer we have been studying can we go for a better illustration of the truth that man, whether in the individual or collectively as a race, cannot climb to the highest by himself. He must be lifted from above.



THE ENTHUSIAST.

CHAPTER X.

ERNEST was not accustomed to trifle with any cause which he espoused. Though he had resolved to make journalism his profession, he certainly did not intend to become a mere professional journalist, writing to order and on any side of a question to meet the whim of a proprietor or the fancy of a capricious public. His idea of the function of the press was an exalted one, and he was determined to spare no pains and shrink from no effort in order to realize it. In his view—and it was certainly a just one—the newspaper was to be one of the great teachers of the people, and he did not hesitate to claim for it a position in this respect superior to that either of the pulpit or the platform. Could he have had a newspaper exactly to his own mind, his claim might have been vindicated. The

journal which is to exercise such power must be devoted absolutely to the service of truth. Regardless of popularity or interest, it must be intent on the extension of great principles, which it should advocate with honourable fairness, but with that strength and consistency which are the result of intense conviction. It must possess the same qualities as those we expect to find in the most influential pulpit. In both there will, as a matter of course, be the weaknesses common to human nature. Neither the preacher nor the editor can wholly divest himself of prejudice, and he may, indeed, be most affected by it when he fondly believes himself free. The one, even as the other, is liable to error, and ready to catch the tone of the society in which he moves, sure to be influenced by the *idola* of the tribe or of the market-place. These infirmities are consistent with that perfect loyalty to truth, which ought to be the characteristic of both. When this is found in the journalist, he has opportunities which even the preacher has not; but, just as the influence of the pulpit is weakened by any suspicion of self-seeking or time-serving, and is destroyed altogether if it be felt that its words, however eloquent, are tainted by insincerity, and are the words of a man-pleaser, not of a servant of God, so is it with the newspaper. In truth, both follow the universal laws, that as a man sows so shall he also reap. The high-minded journalist who, though he may make many a blunder, is felt to be superior to any unworthy motive, commands influence in proportion to his ability, but, in all probability, may fail to secure the material success which attends a more careful study of popular caprice, a more servile accommodation to the requirements of a party, or a more unscrupulous pursuit of purely selfish interests. The *role* which Ernest had laid out for himself was a noble, but it was certainly a difficult one—almost as difficult as that of a barrister who should resolve never to employ his professional advocacy except in cases of whose justice he felt assured.

There was this advantage, however, to any cause which the young journalist took up. What he did he did with all his might. An idea possessed his soul, and, for the

time, his whole nature was dominated by it. Under such conditions, his advocacy was full of fire and force. Judicial minds would have pronounced it one-sided, but this is almost the inevitable fault of such enthusiasts—the defect of their virtue. They are incapable of estimating fully the strength of the opposite side, however anxious they may be to do so. Ernest may not have been altogether free from this fault. But in the present case there was little to say in extenuation of the gross outrage upon the rights of conscience. This interest in the case, too, was so strong as to call forth his full strength. Apart from any feelings of friendship or something even tenderer still, the nature of the injustice itself was such as to rouse its strongest indignation. The columns of *The Melmerby Guardian*, therefore, bore abundant testimony to the depth of his conviction and the fervour of his zeal. Even those who were most opposed to his views were compelled to acknowledge the signal ability and glowing eloquence with which he maintained the rights of the independent tenant against the arrogance of the landlord and the bigotry of the priest. The subject lent itself readily enough to a kind of treatment of which he was master, the judicious blending of severe argument with that keen and polished sarcasm and that appeal to the widespread love of freedom and justice which gives it life and point. He carefully avoided writing from the standpoint of the Nonconformist, and reducing the question to an issue between Church and Dissent. There were other and wider aspects of the subject on which he felt it more necessary as well as more politic to insist, and he did not fail to present them with great force. Poor Mr. Ransome must more than once have winced under the pictures which were drawn of him as the successful capitalist who could not be content with his great wealth and high social position unless he was able to add to all his other luxuries and enjoyments the supreme pleasure of crushing an unfortunate Dissenter. His cool assumption that his wealth had conferred on him brains which qualified him to determine the religious opinions of his tenantry was mercilessly

satirized, and yet no offensive epithets were employed nor any unworthy motives insinuated. The transaction was set forth in all its nakedness, and though nought was extenuated, nought was set down in malice. On the one side was the intelligent and industrious tenant, to whose ancestors the farm owed very much of the value it possessed, and whose only fault was that he claimed the right to think for himself and exercised it by adhering to a cause which his landlord had abandoned. On the other was Mr. Ransome, puffed up with a sense of his importance as the lord of the soil, and therefore of the consciences of those by whom it was occupied, determined in his latter years to uphold those glorious institutions against which in other days he had been accustomed to rail. It was not difficult to point the contrast or to draw the lessons which it suggested, and few could have done it more effectively than our hero. The brilliancy of his style would itself have been sufficient to attract attention to the provincial journal in which his articles appeared. But in the district itself the subject was one of absorbing interest. Hunter was a man universally respected for his public services as well as his private qualities. Numbers who hardly knew him personally were familiar with him as a foremost political worker, a stern opponent of all local abuses, an independent and valuable member of various public bodies. All who had looked up to him as a leader in the politics of the district, as well as all his co-religionists, resented the wrong done to him as a blow aimed at the Dissent and Liberalism of the neighbourhood.

This feeling the articles in the *Guardian* fanned into a tempest of righteous indignation which gathered round the head of the unfortunate squire. His clerical instigator was regarded with the contempt which he deserved, for though he had been the real mover, it was felt that nothing better was to be expected from him, and the landlord without whom his bigotry would have been utterly powerless, was singled out for general reprobation. There was a large amount of latent Liberalism, not to say Radicalism, which was stirred into activity by these representations. It re-

vealed itself in the most unexpected quarters, some even who were known as staunch Conservatives being loudest in their censures. The sense of justice is strong in the Englishman's heart, and in this case it was the more easily roused because the oppressor was a stranger, and his victim a neighbour with whom there might have been occasional differences, but for whom there was nevertheless a very hearty respect. In addition to all this, however, was a discontent with the assumptions of the landlord class, which extends much further and goes much deeper than aristocratic optimists suppose. Landlords have abused their power, and if Nemesis has not overtaken them, it is certainly dogging their steps. They have had to deal with a singularly patient and submissive people, but they have presumed so far upon these qualities that they have provoked a contrary feeling. It has not been enough that they should reap, though they toil not, neither do they spin, but they have also claimed to rule over the consciences of those to whom these harder duties of life have fallen. Such pretensions have only been endured because of the extraordinary respect Englishmen always show to birth and station, and because of the kindly relations which, for the most part, the aristocracy have maintained with their tenants. Landlords of the Clanricarde type who have goaded the Irish tenantry almost to madness, are almost unknown in this country. The besetting sin of the English landlord has been ambition for absolute power on his estate. He is not often severe in his exactions, nor harsh in his treatment, except where any disposition to resist his will has been shown. But he has accustomed himself to regard his tenants as his political retainers who are as much bound to give him their votes as to pay their rents. A distinguished nobleman of the last generation was credited with saying that, if you would put before him a map of a county in which the various estates were accurately marked out and coloured according to the politics of their owners, he could at once decide as to the result of an election. That was in the olden times, but though Reform Bills have made radical changes, they have not altered the spirit of the landowners.

The same temper has been shown as to the ecclesiastical preferences of the tenants. The landlords do not always show themselves very loyal sons of the Church, so far at least as belief in its doctrines and attendance at its services are concerned, but they have compensated for lacking in these matters by their hatred of Dissent in any form. When an eminent statesman like Lord Salisbury, who may be said to work under glass, can venture to place such obstacles in the way of Wesleyan Methodists (who, when occasion serves, are distinguished from political Dissenters and complimented for their friendliness to the Church) obtaining a site for a chapel, and that in the neighbourhood of London, it is easy to understand how Dissenters of a more objectionable type have been treated in less-known districts. Of course these attempts to deprive men of freedom to worship God have caused an embittered feeling even where they have not called forth actual resistance. But what has been with difficulty endured from the old lords of the soil, or the heads of families which are identified with districts and in whose greatness their tenants seem to fancy they have a share, becomes absolutely intolerable when the prerogative is assumed by one of the *nouveaux riches*, who acts as though he had bought all the feudal dignity of some old magnate as well as his estate. Mr. Ransome's action to Hunter kindled a passionate excitement even among the Church and Tory farmers which would certainly not have been aroused by a similar proceeding on the part of the old proprietor. These men were not particularly attached to the new school of clergy, whose Ritualistic practices were regarded by them as little better than mere Papistry, and they were the more disposed to take the part of one of their own order, because the parson was suspected of instigating his eviction from his old farm.

With such a state of feeling prevailing in the district Ernest could not fail to secure considerable popularity. He expressed the popular sentiment in such a form as to win golden opinions from those who welcomed in him the exponent of their own views. Of course he had critics and opponents. Mr. Philpotts undertook to vindicate the action

of the Squire, and succeeded only in exposing the weakness of his case, as was shown by Ernest in one of his most scathing articles in which he examined his sacerdotal pretensions and denounced his Ritualist innovations. The result was a division among Churchmen, the Evangelicals cheering the attack upon the party whom they are always ready to denounce as traitors to the Church, albeit they are content to remain in fellowship with them. On the other side Mr. Philpotts found defenders in correspondents of the rival paper in the town, among them being one or two who, writing under the disguise of anonymity, professed to be moderate Nonconformists who were offended by the extreme severity of the attack and whose judgment on Hunter was in effect, "Served him right!" But the more the controversy was prolonged, and the more did Ernest's superiority in argument appear. Unfortunately it did not profit Mr. Hunter. Logic and Scripture, common sense and common justice might be on his side, but authority was against him: Squire and parson made up their mind to defy public opinion, and, this being so, there was no alternative for Hunter except submission. It is supposed by some that such a determined contempt of the feeling of a community requires courage. It is not easy to see any reason for such a conclusion. A man who has power resolves to disregard all remonstrance, and to exercise it according to his own will without any care for the wrong he may inflict or the suffering he may cause to others. Is he therefore brave? Not unless callousness or the insolence of authority be bravery. Ransome was determined to have his own way, and the more he was opposed the more obstinate did he become. The "petty tyrant" is in these respects very like those who have the opportunity of exhibiting their despotic tendencies on a wider arena and a larger scale. So Hunter had to leave the home of his fathers, and strike out for himself a new path in life.

It was Alice who really felt the change most. The farmer was a practical man, with but little sentiment in his nature, accustomed to look at things in a matter-of-fact way, and with that power of adapting himself to changed

conditions which is eminently useful in the business of life. He had won a position in the district which it was not pleasant to abandon, especially under the constraint of influences against which he had all his life been contending. He had a lively interest in the church of which he was one of the leading members, and was sincerely attached to its young minister, whose words had often been to him as a trumpet call to duty; but when he saw that the separation, however distasteful, was inevitable, he accepted it with a conviction that he would elsewhere find other work to do for God. The loss of the farm never troubled him much, and soon ceased to trouble him at all. Of late years it had not been very profitable, and he was clear-sighted enough to see that the prospects of agriculture were anything but encouraging. Had he been left undisturbed he would have spent his life in the old homestead, not greatly concerning himself about the profits so long as he was able to secure an honourable competence. The action of his landlord, however, roused all the dormant energy of his character. He was determined to show his enemies that, though they might drive him from Sunnyside, they could not work him any permanent injury; and, when he was thus roused, he was not a man to be easily baffled. It was comparatively late for him to enter on a new career, but he had a positive pleasure in battling with difficulties, and in this event the mischievous designs of men who hated him for his loyalty to conscience proved one of the greatest blessings of his life. He left Luscombe to become a partner and London manager in a large firm of agricultural implement manufacturers—a position in which his sound judgment and long experience were invaluable. His subsequent course was one of unbroken prosperity, and, though he always looked back with regret to the more quiet times and simpler ways of his country life, he could not fail to recognize the leadings of Providence, which, by a path that at first was rugged and unpromising, had brought him to a position of wealth and influence far beyond his most sanguine anticipations or dreams.

For his daughter, the wrench from all the associations

and companionships of her early days was much more painful, and the adaptation to her new circumstances more difficult. To her the farm, in which all her life had been passed, the village in which she had worked, the chapel in which she had received so much of spiritual impulse, and in whose prosperity she was profoundly interested, were all parts of herself. She was a girl of tender feeling, and could not lightly break these ties, find out new pursuits, and, above all, form new friendships. She was real and constant in her attachments, and perhaps, as a natural consequence, was somewhat slow in forming them. Those who did not know her well, if they were charitable, pronounced her shy and reserved; if otherwise disposed, did not hesitate to credit her with a large share of pride and hauteur, for which harsh judgment there was, it must be confessed, some apparent justification. The truth was she was a girl of strong character, who was not at once fascinated by pleasant manners or a showy exterior. When she gave her confidence and love she gave them richly, but she was very careful on whom they were bestowed. It is hardly necessary to say that to one of this temperament the breaking-up of the home of her childhood was a real sorrow. But if she did not affect a superiority to sentiment, she did not make any foolish display of it. The circumstances made large demands upon her courage and resolution, and she showed herself fully equal to meet them. She understood her father thoroughly, and knew that, underneath his calm outside and his assumption of hope and even buoyancy, there was more suffering than he would have cared to acknowledge, and for his sake she put a restraint on herself. So in her case as in his, few suspected how much the separation meant.

For Alice the trouble was certainly not diminished by the attractiveness of her new surroundings. Many, perhaps the majority of girls, would have welcomed the change from a secluded country home to the life and excitement of the London suburb in which her new residence was to be. But it was not so with her. She had enjoyed occasional visits to the metropolis in those bright spring months when the

élite of the country come up to enjoy the art and music of the season. But the butterfly life of those few brief weeks, pleasant as it was for the time, soon palled upon her. To her the concerts and exhibitions were not mere functions of society to which she must attend if she would not be voted a Philistine or Goth, but pleasures to be enjoyed with intelligence. But when she had exhausted them, spent a few pleasant social evenings, perhaps heard some favourite preachers or speakers, she was anxious and even eager to return to the more quiet, but more real and satisfactory, engagements of her own home. She had an instinctive feeling of the hollowness of London Society, and was repelled by it. Of course its more select habitations were closed against her, and she had no desire to enter them. Her ambitions did not go in that direction. She was far too simple in taste to have any sympathy with the flutterings of heart produced by a call from some lady of title, or a card of invitation to one of her promiscuous gatherings. She did not, therefore, look forward with any pleasurable anticipations to a London residence. That it had its advantages she perfectly understood, but she had fully measured also the cost at which they must be obtained, and, had she had any option in the matter, she certainly would have declined to make the exchange.

CHAPTER XI.

THE effect of the controversy on the fortunes of our hero was equally decided. Of the dauntless spirit and the signal ability with which he had played his part there could not be two opinions. The case was one which attracted a good deal of attention, partly because it occurred at a time when the public mind was not pre-occupied, but chiefly because it touched the two points which were rapidly becoming the chief political questions of the time. The articles were copied into the London journals, canvassed in letters for which editors found room in the dull season, when they have to face the problem of how to fill their columns out of nothing. They came under the eye of leading poli-

ticians, some of whom quoted them in speeches, and so helped to extend the reputation of the young writer. One or two of the more enterprising editors of the metropolitan press sought him out and would fain have tempted him to join their staff. But the conditions were such as Ernest could not accept, and indeed much of the correspondence did much to disillusion his mind as to the spirit of English journalism. A successful editor who was well known as a distinguished supporter of the Conservative cause was so anxious to obtain his services that he came to Melmerby in order to see him. It surprised Ernest who retained his old-world notion of loyalty to truth to find that in the eye of the successful editor they were the idlest piece of Quixotry. The practised pen of the writer was regarded by him as an instrument to be used on one side or the other, just as a driver turns the head of his engine northward or southward as his journey requires. It was somewhat astounding to hear the levity with which he spoke of the Toryism and the Tory leaders of whom he was one of the great supporters, but this only made the resolution with which he insisted that they should be upheld by the writers for his paper all the more incomprehensible to Ernest.

"Independence, sir," said this Tory editor, "is a fine thing, wonderfully fine, and I take care no one interferes with mine. No minister or leader can say that he ever fettered mine. Why! it was only the other day that we showed up an abuse of patronage by the First Lord. I am not the man to apologize for an abuse or to insist that black is white because one of our leaders chooses to say that it is so. But I always stand by my party, and my writers must do the same."

"But," said Ernest, "I am a Radical; I believe your party has done incalculable harm, and that if it have the opportunity it will do still more. Of course I do not pretend that Liberals are always right. Quite the contrary, for their cause is so good that but for their own errors and follies it must have been more successful. The idea that there should be a working man who is a Tory seems preposterous. It could not have been so if Liberals

had understood their principles, and been true to them. So do not suppose that I am a blind partisan who approves of everything done by Liberals and their leaders. I believe, in fact, that many a chapter of our party history can best be summed up in the old Latin phrase, "*Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*" But that, instead of making me unfaithful to Liberalism, only seems to my mind to entail on me the obligation of a more constant and resolute assertion of principles, to which their chosen representatives are often so unfaithful. I will not only not write in favour of Toryism, but I must write against it. I cannot conceive of any emergency which would lead me to give any help to a confederation which exists for the sake of maintaining unjust privileges and hindering reasonable progress."

"Mere abstractions!" said the other, with a lofty air, "mere abstractions which can not be made to wash. Believe me, there are good men and bad men on both sides, and good and bad measures advocated by both parties. I speak as one who has seen much of the inner life of politics, and I assure you there is very little to choose between Liberal and Tory. Indeed, in the case of many their political relations have been determined by the accidents of birth and connection; and so I have known men who call themselves Tories who, in fact, are much more Liberal than many of their opponents. What I always say is, measures not men."

"Yet," interrupted Ernest, "this very simple and apparently most equitable rule appears to have the result of making you invariably approve of the measures of a Tory Government, and just as constantly condemn those proposed by Liberals whether in or out of office."

"Possibly my instincts are Conservative, and so I naturally look upon all suggestions for change with jealousy and distrust. I am content with things as they are, and though I advocate the removal of proved abuses my first care is that the present admirable constitution be not disturbed. Besides, I am not quite master of the paper. It must live, and if it is to live it

must have a constituency, and a constituency demand that it shall express their views. Consequently I am compelled to support Tory measures."

"Excuse me," said Ernest, "but I do not admit the necessity. There is no reason why I should have a paper, but there are many reasons why I should keep my conscience."

"Conscience! conscience! it sounds very well, but I am afraid it will never run a newspaper. Why there are twenty things done by our party which I think stupid or something worse, but if I was to say so I might just as well announce that the paper would be discontinued at the end of the quarter."

"Well, if so, let it end. Perish any newspaper rather than advocate what you do not approve, or justify what conscience condemns. But I do not believe in your forecasts. There are, no doubt, plenty of partisans who want their paper to be nothing but the echo of their own ignorance, passion, and prejudice. But I am certain also that there are numbers of independent men who would heartily welcome a newspaper to which they could look for an honest expression of opinion on the various questions which arise."

"But, after all, is this necessary? Our different journals fairly represent the different sides of any question, just as in a Court of Law the opposing counsel set forth the case of their respective clients. A newspaper writer is a counsel who does not profess to give you his individual opinion on any case, but simply to say all that is to be advanced in favour of the view he has undertaken to represent."

"You forget some essential differences between the two cases which go very far towards destroying the analogy. Unfortunately the readers of a paper, or a very large proportion of them, regard it as a judge rather than a counsel. The writers are supposed to have studied the contending arguments, and to sum up the case in a kind of judicial review. As a matter of fact they simply expound the view which it is the interest of their party that

the public should accept. I may be wrong, but it has long been my conviction that the newspapers of this type are lowering the tone of political life among us. At all events, my own resolve is fixed. I mean to be a journalist so long, and so long only, as I can use such power as I possess for the good of my country and the well-being of my fellow-men, and in that I believe will be the best way of doing the will and promoting the glory of God. Should it ever be my lot to be an editor I mean to make my paper a religious paper, by which I do not mean that it shall be devoted to the service of any sect, still less that it shall exclude from its columns what are called secular subjects; but that concerning itself with all kinds of subjects and every variety of interest, it shall look at all from a Christian standpoint and treat them in a religious spirit. If I cannot do that I will try and reach the same goal by some other path. As to becoming the literary bravo of any party that I will not do, no matter what be the bait."

"Then," said the other, who began to be a little annoyed, "I must leave you to your Utopias. One thing I venture to predict, you will never be a successful journalist."

"Be it so," said Ernest. "Far be it from me to deny that you are right, but if my honesty is to bar my path to success in journalism, alas for journalism!"

If he had been readily turned aside from his purpose, such ratiocinations might have sufficed to turn him; for they were in absolute consistency with all that he saw and heard. Mr. Bowen's high Evangelical principles did not, as Ernest found to his cost, interfere with his supreme regard to the interests of his paper. He was not altogether pleased with the line which his young contributor had taken, or, it might possibly be more correct to say, with the arguments by which he had sustained his contention. He would have been more satisfied if the occasion had been used for an assault upon the Ritualist school and the action treated as the result of sacerdotalism. But this did not meet Ernest's view at all. In his view the offending principles were two—that of the State Church and that of the landlord's authority; and he had attacked them both as having in

them the germ of persecution. In supporting these ideas he had spoken with a strength and frankness which were very refreshing to all except those who felt themselves included in his condemnation. Some of them were infuriated, as our hero learned from the anonymous letters which he received, couched in the most insolent terms and conveying the most offensive imputations. Mr. Bowen was besieged by them, and as they were among his associates and friends, their importunity became unpleasant. Ernest was not slow to detect the change which gradually came over him. At first he was greatly elated by the success which attended these brilliant productions, and the *éclat* they brought to the paper. It was a new thing for the *Guardian* to enjoy such distinction, and it was very flattering to the *amour propre* of its proprietor. But as the first flush of the excitement passed away, and discontents, which had been whispered before, began to express themselves more openly, Mr. Bowen's mood changed. He did not care to be taunted as the proprietor of a paper which was attacking the rights of the landlords, as well as those of the Church. If truth be told, the magnates of the district would not have vexed their own righteous souls or disquieted the peace of Mr. Bowen if the interests of the Church alone had been at stake. They, with many of their order, regard the Church as the bulwark of the landlord class, and defend it accordingly; but if they could save themselves by the sacrifice of the Church, they would not scruple at an arrangement so satisfactory to them. But Ernest had made sport of the rights of landlords, and that was the unpardonable sin. So Mr. Bowen was given to understand, and so he made Ernest feel. But as for that daring young gentleman, he cared nothing for the editor or the Melmerby people. His desire was to be in London, where his friends the Hunters had already gone. How far Alice was the magnet which drew him there he hardly knew himself, but his soul panted for a wider sphere, and it was soon opened to him.

A TRIP TO THE EAST.

III.

On Monday, the 22nd of February, we set forth on our journey to Damascus. The baggage train, which consisted of eleven animals, with four men to look after them, in addition to a cook and a butler, had gone on in advance, and at mid-day our party of four, with the far-famed Bernard Heilpern, our dragoman, bade adieu to Jaffa once again. We quitted it without regret. Not so our dragoman, the "Moudir," to give him the name by which he is known throughout the East. He was leaving wife and children behind him, and it was with no light heart that he undertook the northward journey at this early period of the year. The few inmates of the little hotel and most of the inhabitants of the German colony at Jaffa turned out to witness our departure, the preparations for which had caused no small excitement in the village during the early portions of the day. In the morning it had rained a little, but the afternoon was fine, and we galloped the greater part of the way to Hableh—an insignificant mud village—which we reached about five o'clock. Our baggage train had already arrived, the tents were being pitched, and the animals were all tethered and grazing. Whilst these preparations were going on we surveyed the village under the guidance of a friendly Arab, who was extremely intelligent and obliging. He pointed to every object, telling us its name in Arabic, and then asking what it was called in English. We were, we were told, the first English tourists who had ever encamped at Hableh. The village, in truth, has few attractions, but it may be taken as a fair specimen of all the mud villages of Syria. The mud hovels of Egypt are poor enough, but they have at least walls and a roof of sugar canes. Not so the Syrian hovels. They have to resist rain as well as sun, and are far less pretentious edifices than those which are to be found in Egypt. They are, in fact, nothing more nor less than conical mud heaps, hollow within, and with only one small aperture, which performs

the functions of door, chimney, and window all at once. The entire house is seldom more than five or six feet high and four or five feet wide, and inside this wretched hovel the whole of the family live, with the dogs and the hens into the bargain.

When we returned to the camping ground it was dusk, and already everything had been duly arranged. Four tents had been erected. One was the kitchen, another the dining-room, and the remaining two were bedrooms. In the interior they were finely embroidered with Arabic work, and looked most sumptuous. Not the least attractive was the dining tent, where the dinner table seemed particularly inviting. Nor were we in any way disappointed, for our cook was a consummate artist. Around the tents Chinese lanterns were hung to show us our way about the fields, and after dinner we sat around the camp fire, reading and singing and making merry, while the screeching of the owls and the howling of the jackals mingled with our mirth. Nothing could be more delightful or romantic, and we looked forward with pleasant anticipation to renewing our experiences on the morrow. With light hearts we retired to our couches—

“Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.”

Our illusions were short-lived. Midnight was hardly passed when a thunderstorm burst upon us. The rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew. The attendants had to hang on to the ropes to keep the tents from being blown away, and the water which poured in from the roof literally soaked the beds in which we lay. There was an end to the romance of camping out. All our liveliness and exhilaration fled, and we eagerly awaited the dawn.

It was still raining hard when we rose at daybreak. In the four sodden pessimists who crouched together at breakfast it was difficult to recognize the gay party of the previous evening. A council of war was summoned. Should

we press forward, or should we abandon our expedition? Again we decided to take the bolder course. We could not reconcile ourselves to the idea of returning to Jaffa and spending a week there wearily waiting for the steamer. Accordingly we determined to push on, resolved to get what shelter we could in the villages that lay in our route, and only to pitch our tents where shelter was not to be had.

It was about eight o'clock when all the tents had been struck and loaded on the mules. Then it was that we started in a downpour of rain which lasted the greater part of the day. Our track lay through the valleys that were made by a chain of low hills which were neither interesting nor picturesque. The journey seemed a long one, and we looked forward most eagerly for its close. But, as the proverb has it, "Long look'd for comes at last," and about six o'clock in the evening we were nearing our destination. This was Nablus, or Neapolis, the "new town" that was founded by Vespasian on the ruins of the ancient Shechem. It is delightfully situated in a deep valley that lies between the mountains of Ebal and of Gerizim. "When the Lord thy God hath brought thee unto the land whither thou goest to possess it," we read in the book of Deuteronomy, "thou shalt put the blessing upon Mount Gerizim and the curse upon Mount Ebal. Are they not on the other side Jordan, in the land of the Canaanites, which dwell in the desert over against Gilgal, near the terebinths of Moreh?" Here it was that Abraham halted on his way from Chaldaea to the land which God should give him, and here it was that his descendant Jacob bought the parcel of the field in which he had spread his tent of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for an hundred pieces of money. The smooth sheet of rock on the top of Mount Gerizim, says Dean Stanley, was from the most ancient times a seat of primitive worship, and it is likely enough that the twin height of Ebal was used for a similar purpose.

Altogether Nablus is the most beautiful spot in Central Palestine. The valley is so deep, and the mountain sides are so wonderfully rounded and terraced with natural ridges, that we were all struck with its resemblance to an

amphitheatre. The acoustic properties of the place are most singular, a man on Mount Ebal being able to enter into a conversation with a man on Mount Gerizim on the opposite side of the valley. There is another point with regard to Nablus which is also of exceeding interest. It is the one place where the Samaritans are still to be found. There are now only forty families of them left, and they are fast dying out. It is still true to-day as of old that the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. The Samaritans never marry outside their own narrow circle, and they are distinct in features and in dress from the people around them. They still offer up their yearly sacrifice on Mount Gerizim as they did nearly two thousand years ago, when the woman of Samaria, in her conversation with our Saviour, said, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." We went to see the little temple where their ordinary religious services are held. Passing through a maze of winding passages and narrow lanes of what we may call the slums of Nablus, the temple at last was reached. It is merely a chamber on the roof of a house, quite small, and with little in it except the straw mats, which were taken up to escape the desecration of our unhallowed feet. This miserable little synagogue, however, contains one of the oldest, if not actually the oldest, manuscript in the world. It is a manuscript of the Pentateuch in the Samaritan language. It is kept in a round silver casket, and is only shown to the infidel with great reluctance, and after the payment of a liberal back-sheesh. The priest who showed it to us was a fine-looking, intelligent young man, who fully bore out the description given by Dean Stanley of the Samaritan people—that they are distinguished by their noble physiognomy and stately appearance from all other branches of the race of Israel. We were not sorry to become the possessors of Amran's photograph. I may add that our quarters at Nablus were most comfortable. Of course there are no hotels in such an out-of-the-way place, for there is not even a carriage road in the neighbourhood, but there is a mission school

in the town, and in its two class-rooms we were lucky enough to find shelter for the night.

We were awakened at daybreak to find the weather worse than ever. We were not, however, to be daunted, and once more set out on our journey. We rode to Old Samaria through a very picturesque country. The town stands on the top of an eminence that is itself surrounded by hills. Indeed, the situation of Old Samaria is not unlike the situation of Jerusalem. It must have been a strong place in the olden time, and it was well fitted to be, as indeed it so long was, the capital of Israel, in lieu of Shechem. Here was Ahab's palace, but nothing of it now remains. All that remains is the ruin of a church that was built by the Crusaders over the place where John the Baptist is said to have been imprisoned and beheaded. This church has now in part been converted into a mosque, and here Christians and Mussulmans alike worship over the grave of "the prophet John, son of Zacharias." But though there are no remains that date back to Old Testament times in Samaria, there are considerable traces of Herod in its neighbourhood. Out of the fields in every direction spring stone columns that look like petrified stumps of trees. Rows of them run right round the hill, and mark the site where Herod's palace, with its long colonnades, once stood. In this way the names of John the Baptist and his murderer are linked together for all time. As we approached the hill of Samaria we had a most exciting race after a hyæna. It was running along the bridle path below a steep rock, so that by galloping after it we almost hemmed it in. The moudir fired his revolver at the distance of a few paces, but, unluckily, the hyæna turned and got safely away.

In the afternoon we passed the site of the ancient Dothan, near which Joseph was cast by his brethren into a pit, and afterwards sold to some Midianite merchantmen, who came with their camels, bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. In the evening we halted at Jenin, which is a village of three thousand inhabitants, situated on the boundary between the moun-

tains of Samaria and the plain of Esdraelon. There is an excellent spring at Jenin, which is a particularly fertile spot. But it was shelter rather than water that we stood most in need of, and this, such as it was, we obtained in an outhouse at the back of a garden. The windows were for the most part broken. We stuffed them as well as we could with cushions, and then retired to rest with a hurricane playing around us.

Our journey was renewed on the morrow under much more favourable circumstances. The weather was beginning to improve, the number of blinks between the showers being appreciably greater, though it was still oftener rainy than fine. The ground over which we were now travelling was of great historic interest. First of all we crossed the plain of Esdraelon, the scene of so many famous battles in days of yore. In front of us lay Jezreel, to which we were wending our way; close on our right rose the mountains of Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan were killed in battle, the beauty of Israel having been slain upon the high places; and on the slopes of the mountain might be seen the well of Harod, where a division was made in the army of Gideon, according to the injunction of the Lord unto Gideon, saying, "Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink." The village of Jezreel is on a slight eminence in the middle of a very rich and extensive plain. Just as we approached its outskirts we passed the carcase of a horse, which was being torn to pieces by a pack of hungry dogs, on the very same spot, and in the very same way, in which the body of Jezebel was devoured hundreds of years ago. The social position of the dog in Palestine is very peculiar, and deserves a passing word of notice. He is the unclean animal, far more unclean than the pig. He runs away almost for a look, and goes about with his tail between his legs, as if he himself were conscious of the inferiority of his species. He is wretchedly under-fed, every bone in his body being visible, and yet for all this he is thoroughly domesticated, lives with the family

in the mud hovel, and is protected on account of his performing the very useful function of town's scavenger. Every camel or horse that dies on the road is left where he fell, and, thanks to the dogs, the vultures, and the ravens, in a day or two at most his bones are white and clean. The view from the village of Jezreel is most interesting. We were standing just where the watchman had stood when he looked out and spied a company approaching, and recognized the furious driving of Jehu, the son of Nimri. On the left there rose, as it were out of the sea, the massive Mount Carmel, whilst in front of us across the plain lay Shunam, and hard by Shunam, Nain; farther away still there came into sight the hills of Nazareth, where our day's journey was to end. The corn was green in the plain in front of us, where lay the very fields in which the son of the Shunammite woman received a sunstroke when he went out to his father to the reapers. Shunam itself and Nain are, like Jezreel, nothing but clusters of mud huts. Passing rapidly through them we came, late in the afternoon, to the foot of the hills in the midst of which Nazareth lies, and slowly and laboriously we began the toilsome ascent. After ascending and descending over barren, stony hills for some hours, we at length came in sight of the village. It lies in a basin surrounded by hills, and has been aptly likened to a rose. "Nazareth," says the old topographer, Quaresmius, "is a rose, and, like a rose, has the same rounded form, enclosed by mountains as the flower by its leaves." From the distance its large proportion of church spires and red tiles gives it more of a European than of an Oriental look, but as one enters the town this impression is reversed. The natives and the streets are quite Oriental. The women, who do not veil, are extremely pretty, and it was an interesting sight to see them crowd round the old fountain, where the Virgin herself must often have drawn water at evening. We asked for admission to the convent, but were refused, so we were compelled to lodge in a wretched and half-built khan. We had only one room. Its door was the solitary source of light, so that we had to choose

between heat and darkness on the one hand, and light and starvation on the other. However, we were not very nice or difficult to please, and, notwithstanding the poorness of the accommodation, contrived to spend a very pleasant evening. Some of us tried to mend the rents which our garments had received, while one of the party read aloud. Our literature, by the way, was of the most varied and catholic description, at one time the Bible making way for Lord Byron, and at another Dean Stanley giving place to Mark Twain. But night came on apace, and we once more retired to our couches.

Δύσετό τ' ἥελιος, σκίοντό τε πᾶσαι ἀγνυαί.

WILLIAM SUMMERS.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.*

WE cannot profess to be surprised that Archbishop Trench expressed so decided a wish that his life should not be written, but considering what varied interest such a biography would have possessed, we cannot but feel that the world has been a loser by the loyal respect which has been shown to so very natural a desire. The really good biographies are so few as compared with those written by friends or hero-worshippers, whose overdone eulogies soon pall upon the taste; or those which are done by mere compilers or Dryasdust chroniclers, who weary us by details which can have no interest except for the most limited circle, or who, worse still, with the idea of being frank and honest, are painfully indiscreet; or books of a quasi-philosophical character which make the hero the text for moral homilies or political dissertations; that it is not wonderful that any wise man, especially if his wisdom be beautified by modesty, should shrink from the idea of

* *Richard Chevenex Trench*. Letters and Memorials. Edited by the Author of "Charles Lowder." (C. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)

any permanent record. Still, Archbishop Trench was one whose life ought to have been written, not only because of the interest attaching to the man and his work, but even more because of the charm which, owing to his own many-sidedness, the biography must necessarily have possessed. If it could only have been done with the same admirable tact and taste which are so conspicuous in the two volumes of correspondence before us, we should certainly have all been gainers by the book. The Editor says with great modesty that "the task could only have been undertaken with success by a scholar and a theologian." Of this we are by no means sure. Chapters on some of the points started in these letters would have been extremely valuable as well as interesting, and these, of course, would have had to be done by men with special qualifications; but the story of the life would have been better told by one in thorough sympathy with the subject, and who, by intimate knowledge, had learned to appreciate the singularly lovable spirit of Trench. The biographer of "Charles Lowder" would have done the work well, and we regret that he felt bound to abstain from undertaking it.

After all, a man's letters, when they are so full and numerous as those of the Archbishop, are the truest revelation of himself, and it may well be, that after the perusal of these, we have a better idea of the man than we should have gained from the most complete biography. There are two drawbacks. First, that they become fewer and more reserved as they become full of deeper interest. We know more of the young clergyman than of the Dean of Westminster, and more of the Dean than of the Archbishop of Dublin. This was inevitable. Men immersed in multitudinous duties and weighted with official responsibility are compelled to curtail their private correspondence, and also to keep a more careful watch over what they do say. The second drawback might have been removed if the Editor had not been so extremely modest. Some of the allusions in the letters are obscure, and obscure at the very points where we most desire information. A more abundant supply

of notes would have satisfied all reasonable curiosity and added materially to the interest of the whole. Occasionally their absence is extremely tantalizing, for we are left in ignorance just where fuller information would have given an additional charm to the correspondence itself. The brief pieces of narrative are so admirably done and so helpful that they only increase our regret that they are not more numerous.

It does not need any intimate or extended acquaintance with Archbishop Trench in order to see that in such letters as those we have in these volumes—letters to and from intimate friends, some of whom, such as F. D. Maurice, Hugh James Rose, John Sterling, and Bishop Wilberforce, have themselves played a prominent part in the theological and ecclesiastical movements of their day, and who wrote on topics which lie nearest to their hearts—there must be much that is instructive and valuable. They discuss the great problems which have perplexed the minds of men in all ages, they comment on the men and events of their own day, they teem with personal reminiscences varied with occasional *jeux d'esprit*. Trench was a member of that remarkable company at Cambridge called the "Apostles" club—described by Carlyle as "an ardently talking and speculating one." Among them were Maurice, Spedding, Venables, Kemble (the historian of the Anglo-Saxons), Charles Buller, and R. Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton. We are told by Arthur Hallam (one of the brotherhood), in a letter to Mr. Gladstone, of June 23, 1830, that "the effect which he (Maurice) has produced on the minds of many at Cambridge, by the single creation of that Society of the Apostles (for the spirit, though not the form, was created by him) is far greater than I can dare to calculate, and will be felt both directly and indirectly in the age that is upon us." This has not proved to be a mere piece of extravagance. The list of names given above, which might be considerably enlarged, is sufficient to justify it. The members of this Apostolate did not cease to maintain an interest in each other after they went down from the University, and their letters to each other are among the most attrac-

tive parts of the correspondence. No doubt many of their ideas are crude, and they are often tinged with a pessimism hardly to be expected from young men, but due very largely to the unsettled character of the times. Perhaps, too, it would not be unfair to say that they exhibit the restlessness natural in the members of a class trained in its own exclusive ideas, and accustomed to think of itself as endowed with the right to rule, and therefore naturally disposed to see in the agitation which marked the breaking up of the long frost of Tory selfishness which followed the close of the great war, signs of a coming revolution which would shake the very foundations of the political and ecclesiastical system. It is curious to note the evidences of alarm, going to the very verge of panic, in those from whom something better might have been expected. But so it is. Every new advance calls forth the prophets of evil, who are always ready with their gloomy predictions. These letters show that it is not the unwary and unlearned only who are affected by them, but even those whose knowledge of history alone should have sufficed to guard them from such apprehensions.

Trench's promotion was not very rapid, but his experiences as Rector and Archdeacon were themselves full of interest, which increased as he advanced to the more public positions of Dean and Archbishop. But he was something more than a cleric. He was a theologian, a scholar, and a poet, and might have attained a first-class position in any one of these characters had he given himself exclusively to it. Many a preacher is indebted—perhaps too much indebted—to his most useful books on the "Miracles" and "Parables," while to general readers he is better known by that admirable series of short books on the English language, which have served to create in many an interest in their own language and literature and to introduce them to its study. Full justice has not been done to him as a poet, though some of his sacred lyrics, as exquisite in their sweetness of tone as they are chaste in style and perfect in rhythm, have found their way into all selections, and are prized by all devout hearts. It is not possible for us to

analyze their merits here, and indeed we refer to them only as indicating the many-sided character of the man.

Of Trench himself we have a suggestive description from one so thoroughly competent to judge as Thirlwall. Writing to introduce him to Bunsen, he says :

He is a member of Trinity College. While he resided among us he did not, I believe, apply himself very closely to the ordinary studies of the place. But in a circle which comprised the strongest minds and the noblest spirits of our youth, he was distinguished for his fine literary taste, his poetical talent, and the generous ardour of his character. Soon after leaving the University, he accompanied the unfortunate Torrijos to Spain, and served with him at Gibraltar, I believe, till every hope of success had vanished. His motive in embarking in this adventure was much more, if I am not mistaken, one of private friendship for Torrijos than any political interest in his cause. For I am inclined to think that the general tendency of his political opinions is to a very different, if not quite opposite, quarter. After his return from Spain, he entered the Church. He carried his whole soul into his profession, as he always had into every work in which he was engaged. But unhappily his bodily constitution is not strong enough for the restless, fiery spirit which has been preying upon its earthly shell (i. 168).

This is a strong testimonial, especially when followed by an assurance to Bunsen that "you will find his character more amiable and estimable than any language of mine could express." It is abundantly confirmed by these letters. We are struck everywhere with the honest endeavour to get at the truth, the evidences of refined and cultured taste, the true poetic feeling of the writer, but beyond and above everything else is the impression of a real man, full of tenderness and affection. We continually differ from him, and, indeed, sometimes wonder how one so sympathetic in spirit and generous at heart could allow himself to be so trammelled by the influences of tradition or association. Thirlwall was quite right as to his political sympathies, which were strongly Tory. Thus he writes in the midst of the Reform agitation, under date November 17, 1831 :

The ground upon which the present Ministry (Earl Grey's) stands, seems narrowing every instant ; they are obliged to present a double

front, and defend themselves against the two enemies that attack them on either side. It is my earnest wish that we may yet avert a civil war, but all is very ominous. My own mind is made up with regard to the side which a gentleman (I use the word in its highest sense as one belonging to the natural aristocracy of the country) and a Christian ought to take, though I apprehend much it will be the losing one, as the strain is too strong to pull up against. To me it seems that an aristocracy is necessary as the representative of the continuity of the consciousness of a nation. Unless there is something in a country not embraced by the birth and death of the fleeting generation which at any moment may comprise it, you may have a horde, you may have a sovereign, but you cannot have a nation. If it be a nation, it must look before and after. This, as of an individual, is its highest humanity. And there is no way in which we can be called off from the demands of the ever-important present; there is no way of binding it with indissoluble links to the past and future unless you preserve this body, in whom, after a manner, is involved the history of the past, and prophecy of the future. Believing this, I would welcome the fiercest civil war before a government of clubs and unions (i. 102).

This is Toryism with a vengeance, but it is the Toryism of the idealist or the mystic, not of the practical politician. The curious feature in it is the willingness of an amiable Christian man to plunge into civil war in order to maintain the prerogatives of an aristocracy. We cannot, indeed, say of him as of an excellent Christian minister, who was reported to us as having said that the streets of London would flow with blood before Home Rule should be granted to Ireland, that it is easy to indulge in such tall talk in the quietness of a study. For Trench had seen civil war, and been amid its horrors, and this only makes his utterances the more surprising, and indicates the strength of his opinions. That they were somewhat modified by experience is true, but this early utterance is an index to his actual political opinions.

In ecclesiastics he was what, for lack of a better term, may be called a correct Churchman—faithful to the Church, and having affinities with each of its leading parties, though perhaps less with the Evangelicals as a party than with either of the others. He writes thus, in relation to an extreme movement of the Pietistic order, which attracted much attention at Cambridge in 1834. Its

leader seems to have been caught by the spirit which had possession of Francis Newman when, as he tells us, he was only saved from burning his library by St. Paul's direction to Timothy to bring him his books and parchments.

Armstrong has been lately preaching at Cambridge, and telling the students to burn all their unlawful books of Greek and mathematics. He has made a great impression there, and six or seven have gone to the extreme length of obeying these injunctions. I have no doubt that he has done a great deal of good at Cambridge.

Possibly, and yet this fanatical depreciation of intellect and culture, to which a certain section of ultra-Evangelicals are so prone, does an amount of harm not easy to estimate. Simeon is worn out and, moreover, spoiled by being at the head of a set who have fed him with that religious adulation which is the least suspected and yet most puffing up of all kinds of flattery (i. 114).

The italics are ours, and are intended to note the acuteness and insight of the observation. Can it be that Evangelicals are more prone than others to this peculiar style of treatment. Their principles ought to guard them from it, but Simeon is not the only one of their leaders who has been injured by it. Speaking of Edward Irving, by whom he was strongly attracted, though differing from and frankly criticizing his views, "He has shown me the one-sidedness of the Evangelicals, which I always felt but never could tell exactly where it lay. They are certainly as much the worshippers of expediency, which, if not the god of this world, is the god of this age, as any other class; for any truth to be acceptable to them, they must discover its immediate reference to their own personal well-being."

The Archbishopric of Dublin was scarcely a desirable position for one with such feelings. The Irish Church was intensely Protestant and overwhelmingly Evangelical, the perpetual struggle it had to maintain against Romanism giving it that character. From the first, the Archbishop must have felt himself out of touch with his clergy and also with the most influential among the laity, and the difference came out still more strongly after Disestablishment. So much was this the case that he seems for a time to have contemplated the resignation of the see, and in his contribu-

tion to the Central Sustentation Fund of the Disestablished Church he gave it "in such a shape as that I shall sacrifice as little as possible should the Church of Ireland turn out after all to be no Church, but only a Protestant sect." A letter from Dr. Pusey, evidently in reply to one in which the Archbishop had poured out the sorrows of his heart, contains some significant sentences: "The discouragement under which you suffer from these proceedings of many of your clergy and laity to me is nothing surprising. Your Grace went (I always supposed) as a missionary for Catholic truth amid a clergy and laity which had lost much of it." An interesting idea this of the position of an Irish Archbishop—a man sent by the English Government as a missionary for "Catholic truth" to the Church of Ireland. It is very characteristic of the mode in which England has been wont to deal with Ireland. But in this case it is peculiarly striking. First England sets up Protestant ascendancy, and then, when Irish Protestantism goes further than it approves, appoints an Archbishop to teach "Catholic truth." But we must leave these charming volumes. With the High-Church Archbishop we have many points of difference, but we forget them continually in our admiration for the wise, true-hearted, generous man whom we meet in every letter. That a man of such a spirit should have been so "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by Anglican traditions is only another evidence of the narrowing influence of the system.

THE TIMES AND ITS ADMIRERS.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD, in his last criticism on America and American manners—or should we rather say style—an attack which Americans have so reasonably resented and so ably answered, says: "It has been often said that every nation has the government it deserves. What is much more certain is that every nation has the newspaper it deserves. The newspaper is the direct product of the

want felt; the supply answers closely and inevitably to the demand." With Mr. Arnold's application of this general principle to the newspapers of America we do not propose to meddle. But the principle itself is extremely suggestive. If it be true of a nation, it is true of a class, and true of the individuals in that class. A man is not to be judged by the paper he takes and reads, for necessity may be laid upon him to read much with which he has no sympathy; but he certainly is to be judged by the paper he approves. Mr. Arnold, speaking of American journals, and comparing, or rather contrasting, them with our own, says:—

In general the daily papers are such that when one returns home one is moved to admiration and thankfulness, not only at the great London papers, like *The Times* or *The Standard*, but quite as much at the great provincial newspapers too—papers like *The Leeds Mercury* and *The Yorkshire Post* in the North of England, like *The Scotsman* and *The Glasgow Herald* in Scotland.

It is curious that a writer, who has so often lectured us on our Philistine narrowness, should, in this enumeration of great English newspapers, confine himself, with one exception, to the Unionist press. He names six papers, and *The Leeds Mercury* is the only representative of true Liberalism. Surely *The Daily News*, the two Liberal papers of Liverpool (*Post* and *Mercury*), and of Manchester (*Guardian* and *Examiner*) are worthy to find a place in a list which includes *The Yorkshire Post*. If we were to speak of younger papers in the districts to which he refers, the two *Leaders*—the "Scottish" and the "Newcastle"—are admirable examples of the qualities which Mr. Arnold most desiderated. But this by the way. We are concerned rather with the application of his principle to the case of our own people. Granted all the faults he finds in American journals, and the inference which he draws from them as to the spirit and tendencies of the people who patronize them, the same law must hold good in relation to our own country.

Let it be applied to *The Times* newspaper. It is not to be denied that there is a certain section of the English

people, and that a section which, if not numerous, has political influence because of its social position and commercial importance, which reposes implicit confidence in the great oracle of Printing House Square. If you go into any of its circles, you are wearied by the constant repetition of *The Times*. They have committed their political conscience to its keeping, and would as soon think of disputing the authority of the Decalogue as of differing from one of its leading articles. The journal abuses this blind trust in a very discreditable fashion by giving in its leaders representations of speeches or events which are at variance with the reports in its own columns. It is our practice, whenever we hear any of these confident statements, to ask those who make them whether they have read the reports, and seldom, if ever, have had an answer in the affirmative. We should be slow to impute any purpose of deliberate perversion of facts. There may be only a colouring due to invincible prejudice. But the fact is there all the same. There are numbers, especially in London, who take not only opinions but their views of facts from the leaders of *The Times*; and if Americans are to be judged by the sensationalism of some of their papers, then Londoners must be content to abide a similar ordeal. According to Mr. Arnold *The Times* is the paper which they deserve.

Now if the general conduct of the "leading journal" alone were concerned they have no reason to shrink from the test. If its politics be left out of question *The Times* deserves a high meed of praise. Its spirit and enterprise, in complete organization and thorough efficiency in its commercial, scientific, and literary departments, in the variety of its information and the vigour of its writing, it is *facile princeps* in the English press. It is when we have to judge it as a guide of public opinion that we feel it to be a discredit to those whom it represents. It is true that sometimes we see signs of weakness—some would say of senility—even in its general management. Occasionally it lags behind the age, standing upon a dignity which is apt to become somewhat ridiculous in its affectation. But journals, like men, have imperfections, and though it would

be quite possible to take exception to various points in *The Times*, yet these would not materially detract from our estimate of its value as a newspaper. We are amused indeed at some of its peculiarities. For example, it gives every Saturday a short list of preachers, but they are all Anglican clergymen. So far as is to be learned from announcements in the news columns of *The Times*, Dissent might not have a voice in the metropolis on any particular Sunday. We might go further, and say that it would be long before any one who got his knowledge of the religious life of England from *The Times* would learn that Nonconformity was a distinct and powerful element. That need not trouble us. But Americans, who are not accustomed to such absurd exclusiveness, may think as badly of it as Mr. Arnold did of the sensational headings of papers in New York or Boston. They would not be far wrong if they regarded it as a revelation of the temper of the class for which *The Times* caters. But that is a very secondary matter. It is, as we have said, in the discharge of its assumed function as a representative of English opinion—say rather of the opinion of the classes—that the journal is most open to censure.

There have been few real leaders of men who have not at one time or other had reason to complain of what Trench, in feeling excited by some of its extraordinary developments, called that "unparalleled *Times*." But as the democratic force has become more powerful, it has more and more given itself to the work of resistance. It is not an exalted character, and the way in which the "leading journal" has discharged it has not enhanced its dignity. A paper which is content to express the narrowness, the passion, and the prejudice of British Philistinism instead of seeking to correct them, cannot be very admirable, and must often be extremely mischievous. John Bright in his palmy days denounced it in his own trenchant style. The late Bishop of Manchester, when visiting the United States, was deeply impressed with the mischief done by *The Times* in embittering the relations between the two peoples. Were he alive now he might feel even more

strongly as to the fierceness which it has imported into the Home Rule controversy, and the extent to which it is, under a professed zeal for union, rendering all true union impossible. If its object were to exasperate passion on both sides, it could not well do it more effectually. The complaint is not that it objects to Home Rule, but that it seeks to defeat it by violent personal attack upon its advocates. The truth is, it has lost both its head and its temper, and, as the result, has entangled itself in difficulties from which it cannot easily find a way of escape. Its first shameful attack on Mr. Parnell probably served its purpose by deepening that hatred of the Irish members which is the most powerful lever the Unionists have found, but after being the sensation of the hour, it had quietly dropped out of notice, and would have been consigned to merited oblivion but for the foolish action of Mr. O'Donnell. A more disgraceful incident has seldom occurred in the history of journalism, and yet *The Times* may plead that till lately it had the support and approval of the gentlemen who pride themselves upon being the "moral" as well as the "intellectual" section of the Liberal party. It advanced an unsupported charge, and Lord Hartington and his friends maintained that the accused must be held guilty until he proves himself innocent. Happily these men could not control public opinion, and if that did not unanimously acquit Mr. Parnell, it declined to sanction the reversal of the ordinary maxims of English justice at the bidding of *The Times* and its aristocratic supporters. Probably it went even further than that after the refusal of an investigation by the House of Commons. Meanwhile *The Times* offered no explanation, produced no evidence, but continued to repeat its accusations and to carry on its disgraceful work of inflaming the prejudices and passions of its readers against the Irish members.

This was the state of affairs when Mr. O'Donnell's action revived the controversy, and gave *The Times* an opportunity for putting its charges against Mr. Parnell into the mouth of the Attorney-General, and so securing for them not only additional publicity, but an apparent sanction from the

Government. As the truth of these allegations will at last be submitted to judicial investigation, nothing can be said of them at present. Improbabilities, which seem to verge on the incredible, sometimes turn out to be true, and it may prove to be so in this case. We are quite content to await the evidence, premising only that it will need to be something very different from anything foreshadowed in the speech of the Attorney-General. In the meantime our judgment of the conduct of *The Times* in publishing so terrible an indictment without producing a scintilla of proof ; in treating it as an impeachment of a party, or indeed of a nation ; in using it as a weapon of political warfare, and seeking by means of it to discredit some of the most honoured names in a nation ; in labouring to produce an impression that the accused has allowed judgment to go by default, because he has refused to appeal to a London jury ; will remain the same, whatever be the verdict. If it have a substantial case, the folly of its action is simply unintelligible. For ourselves we have never been able to see the logic of its contention that Ireland must be deprived of Home Rule because Mr. Parnell has been an accomplice with assassins.

The Times, however, has so conducted the Irish controversy, and its lead has been so diligently followed by the Unionists in general, that everything has been made to turn upon the character of the Nationalist members. "Parnellism and Crime" is circulated far and wide, the object being to discredit the Irish cause by attacks upon its advocates. And now the whole country is waiting for the verdict of three judges upon the allegations of that notorious pamphlet. It must be said that, as the issue has been more clearly defined and the time for trying it has approached, the Unionist orators have shown less confidence in the result. Mr. Balfour, in particular, in a recent speech, took special care to remind us that he had never committed himself to any opinion on the genuineness of the letters attributed to Mr. Parnell, and that his case did not rest at all upon them. But such hedging will be of no avail should the judges pronounce against *The Times*.

We quite admit that the question has been elevated to an undue importance, but the responsibility for that rests upon those who have paraded these allegations against individuals as reasons for refusing the demands of nations. The right of Ireland to Home Rule will not be established by the acquittal of Mr. Parnell and his friends, but it will not be invalidated though it can be proved that Mr. Parnell was wicked enough and foolish enough to write that incredibly silly letter about "old Forster and Co." For Mr. Parnell himself the result is a matter of political life or death. Let him repel the aspersions cast upon him, and the reaction in his favour will be enormous; let the charges be sustained, and he must be driven from public life with infamy and disgrace. But Mr. Parnell is not Ireland, though he is her most trusted leader and champion. The Irish problem will remain to be grappled with, even though he should be suppressed and all his followers with him. "Thank God!" says Archbishop Trench, "you cannot put out a nation." No, it is not to be done even by putting out her most illustrious chief. Of course it would be a heavy blow and sore discouragement to the cause of freedom if it can be proved that Mr. Parnell, even under the irritation produced by imprisonment, gave any sanction to deeds of violence and blood, but it would not quench the aspirations of the Irish people, nor would it remove one of those difficulties which have confronted our statesmen for generations.

It is to this pass that the policy of *The Times* has brought us. Parliament has had its time occupied and its dignity lowered by discussions which are, after all, personal in their character, and now the nation waits in eager expectancy for the decision of a tribunal created for the express purpose of trying the allegations it has brought against its political opponents. It is fortunate, indeed, that there is to be an authoritative decision from a competent tribunal. It would have been more satisfactory had it been one to inspire more perfect confidence in all parties; but for ourselves we have little doubt that the three judges will conduct the inquiry with impartiality, and will

give a trustworthy verdict. It will be an immense advantage that these exciting questions should be removed out of the region of discussion. The Irish party, it is fair to remember, are about to be subjected to an ordeal such as few great political associations have had to face. In every reforming movement there are sure to be extreme men, ready to adopt measures which the more sober leaders would sternly reprobate, but which they have no power to repress. Especially is this sure to be the case with a people so excitable as the Irish. It is sometimes conveniently forgotten that the violence is not confined to one side. Lord Randolph Churchill's speech at Belfast was as serious an incentive to rebellion and disorder as any of the addresses for which Irish patriots have been thrust into the felon's cell. There was surely as much lawlessness in the avowed determination of the Orangemen to resist Home Rule by force of arms as in any of the wildest utterances on the other side. Even in one of the recent debates we had Colonel Saunderson declaring "we will never rest till we have set our heels on the necks of these men." To such outrageous insolence as this the Unionists, who wish to have credit for moderation, conveniently turn a deaf ear, while the aristocratic young bloods—our *jeunesse dorée*—cheer to the echo, and then turn round to reproach the Nationalists for their indiscretions or extravagance.

We have no desire to shield from the condemnation they deserve criminals or their accomplices, but we must protest against the theory of constructive crime, which makes A at one end of the scale responsible for what is done by Z at the other because it is possible to establish a chain of connection between them through B and all the other letters of the alphabet. It is enough for men to bear their own burdens, without being saddled with all the follies and offences of a whole body of associates, of a large proportion of whom they must be entirely ignorant. If direct complicity be established it is a very different matter, and it is satisfactory that this should be tested by men whose minds have been judicially trained, and are versed in estimating the real weight of evidence. In the case of Mr. Parnell,

however, the complicity with which he is charged is of a direct nature, and it is the decision upon that which is awaited with most anxiety. If the letters which *The Times* has published are pronounced to be forgeries, the whole case will collapse, even though it be proved that serious indiscretions have been committed by some of the Nationalist leaders. Every one knows that among the professed friends of Ireland are some desperadoes who would not hesitate at the commission of crime, but these men are, for the most part, bitter enemies of constitutional action and those who carry it on. It is more than possible that some of these Fenians or Invincibles will be ready enough to try and implicate the men whom they detest in their crimes, but something more than their unsupported testimony will be required before conviction is secured.

One of the chief objections which has been urged to the appointment of the Commission has been the extension of the inquiry to these matters. When first offered to Mr. Parnell for his acceptance or rejection, there was no suggestion of what has practically been made a fishing inquiry into the history of the Nationalist movement. It may or may not be right to create a tribunal for the purpose of trying the League and its leaders, but certainly this was not what was understood by the original proposal. Taken in itself it is decidedly objectionable, for however it may be disguised, it is practically an appeal to the judges on matters of public policy, very much to the injury of the judges themselves, as was pointed out by Lord Herschell, and indirectly also to the diminution of the prerogative of Parliament. But even these objections are light when compared with that based upon the way in which a Commission for the purpose of deciding between *The Times* and Mr. Parnell was suddenly transformed into one for pronouncing on the general character of the Irish movement. It must have been a mere accident, though it was an accident which might have seemed impossible even for blundering Mr. Smith, that the words "other persons" were dropped out of his original announcement, but no accident could have been more unfortunate. What was worse, it did not stand

alone. The visit of Mr. Walter to his "old friend" Mr. Smith at the critical juncture may also have been accidental, but to say the least, it had so unhappy an appearance, especially when coupled with the fact that the Bill took precisely the shape which had been marked out for it by *The Times*, that some evil fate must surely have dogged the steps of the Ministry.

We are very anxious not to overstate the case, but here it is as it appears to us. Here is Mr. Parnell (of whom we can write the more fully as we have never been among his eulogists, and are far from endorsing all his methods) contending against the power of *The Times*, backed up by the general sentiment of the Unionist party. In trial, where the consequences to him are altogether out of proportion to any which his adversary can have to encounter, it was above all things desirable that there should not be the faintest semblance of unfairness. How different the facts. First, a Government composed of his bitter opponents insists on determining the extent of the inquiry and constituting the tribunal. In relation to the latter point, at all events, it is the etiquette of Parliament for the Ministry to consult the Opposition as to names. Never was there less excuse for the omission of such a precaution, for never was it more essential to inspire a confidence which no suspicion could disturb, and seldom has a Lord Chancellor had an opponent whom he could consult with more satisfaction. Lord Herchell's speech in opposition to the measure shows the spirit of the man, and it is a practical condemnation of the partisan temper which inspired the action of the Government. They would have their own nominees, and the consequence was a hot discussion which has impaired the authority of the Commission. We can see nothing in this but sheer wantonness, which has laid them open to the suspicion of unfairness. Very probably Mr. Justice Day will be as fair as his colleagues, but that is not the question. There are cases in which it is almost as necessary to maintain the appearance of honesty as to have the virtue of honesty itself, and this is one of them. If any candid man on the Tory benches

had been asked as to the composition of the tribunal before the proposal of the Government was made, we have no doubt that he would have condemned the appointment as inexpedient. There are men of higher standing on the bench who are absolutely non-political, and to pass them over and select a man who has more than once given strong expression to his political proclivities was either infatuation or a deliberate defiance of the Irish party. Taken in conjunction with other things, the appearances of collusion with *The Times*, the apparent anxiety to thrust the original point in dispute into the background, it has left a most unhappy impression of unfairness against which it was peculiarly necessary to guard. Are not these mistakes to be attributed to the evil spirit which *The Times* has done so much to foster. For some time back it has been treating the Irish leaders as enemies not only of the British Government but also of the human race, against whom any kind of action is justifiable. So when the one thought should be to get a true and honest verdict on a distinct charge, there is an appearance of unwillingness to raise the issue distinctly before an unprejudiced tribunal. As to Mr. Parnell, it seems as though whatever he did was to be condemned. Take, for example, his appeal to a Scotch jury. At the very time when he was taking the preliminary steps for this purpose, Mr. Goschen was taunting him for not trusting his case to the decision of impartial Scotchmen. But no sooner has he done it than there is a hue and cry that he is endeavouring to countermine the Commission. Yet all that he has done is to submit himself to the decision of a jury. Of course he would profit by a judgment in his favour, but that is the last contingency which, on its own showing, *The Times* can anticipate. One thing is clear, that with all its vapourings it means to do all in its power to delay a decision on the crucial point. Yet its admirers look on and approve its action. Here, as in all similar cases, they that make such gods are like unto them, and, as Matthew Arnold says, the people get the newspaper they deserve.

But this is only a flagrant example of the general method

which *The Times* has seen fit to pursue. It seems to have fallen under the control of a little group of men, who have cast aside the restraint which even heated partizans, if they be thoughtful and intelligent politicians, are accustomed to put upon their expressions. The passion of bigoted hate could hardly go to greater extremes than are found in their daily utterances. So far as our purpose is concerned, however, the most noteworthy point is that their violence does not seem to disgust their supporters. A friend was at the Handel Festival when Mr. Gladstone made his appearance in the royal box. Instantly, a gentleman sitting near, said in loud tones so that all might hear, "Grand old humbug, I would not gratify his vanity by looking at him;" while another described him as "a scoundrel, who ought to be ashamed of being seen." Our friend quietly asked whether this was the language which English gentlemen employed. Unfortunately it is, and *The Times* has taught them to do it. Again we say Mr. Arnold is right, and men get the newspaper they deserve.

But it is not Mr. Gladstone alone. All his supporters, including Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan, both of whom risked their lives in the cause of law and order, are included in the same condemnation. A visitor, who had some knowledge of our history, might criticize us as Mr. Arnold did the Americans, in this fashion: "I found in the columns of *The Times*, morning by morning, the most scurrilous attacks upon men of honour and distinction, whose only fault was that they differ from the views of the journal." It is taken for granted that men of high lineage like Lord Spencer or Lord Rosebery, eminent thinkers like Mr. John Morley, distinguished servants of the State like Sir George Trevelyan, above all, the greatest man in the country, a veteran of nearly eighty years, who has given numberless pledges of his love to his country, have no respect for law, and no care for order, and are in fact leaders in a conspiracy for the subversion of both. There is not one of them who has not an infinitely higher stake in the prosperity of the country than their anonymous accusers. Yet the words of these libellers are accepted as true, and

some of the most illustrious ornaments of English society are sneered down as though they were a set of revolutionary bravos. What can we say of a people which shows such strange blindness to eminent worth, allows itself to be so influenced by party calumny, which is so lost to justice, to chivalry, to that reverence which ought always to be shown to men of noble character, however we may dissent from their opinions?

An excuse, interesting for its extreme *naiveté*, for this truculent style of criticism, was recently given by a society journal, which had been convicted of a shameful attack upon a public man, guilty of the atrocious offence of belonging to the opposite party. Practically it meant that such language was only used in a Pickwickian sense—was only “a weapon of political warfare.” Very probably this is true. It is not to be supposed that the writers who shock us by their violence, unless they amuse us by their absurdity, are entirely bereft of reason, or that they have any faith in the extravagant statements which they are continually making. If they did actually believe that Mr. Gladstone had lost his marvellous power, and was a melancholy example of the decay which time may work in a mighty intellect, they would not be so fierce in their attacks. It is the force which he still possesses, and the unbroken faith which the people still repose in him, and on which all their tirades make no impression except as serving to deepen and intensify it, which provokes the wrath that expresses itself in these unmeasured and unreasoning denunciations. They are the ebullitions of the day, which are expected to be forgotten almost as soon as the ink with which they are printed is dry. But unfortunately this is not so. There are multitudes, especially among those whose political passions and prejudices dispose them to a credulous acceptance of such ideas, who receive them as true. The Gladstonian legend, which is retailed from circle to circle, recited at dinner parties and discussed in smoking-rooms, is grotesque and absurd enough, but it is not therefore rejected. For the sentiment which alone renders its existence possible, *The Times* and

journals which follow in its wake are mainly responsible. We protest against it, not on Mr. Gladstone's behalf—for it does not really injure him, and he has grown so familiar with it that it must have ceased even to wound him—but on behalf of the political life of the nation which is lowered by it. The introduction of this personal element into political warfare, mischievous at all times, is peculiarly so in a democratic age, and the time may yet come when the evil precedent which is now being set will be deplored by the very classes who are too ready to cheer any attack upon the reputations of the most distinguished opponents.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

My honoured old friend, Henry Richard, has passed away from us. His death cannot have surprised any one; least of all those who had observed with regret the signs of increasing infirmity. It is only a few weeks since I had my last conversation with him. He was bright, cheery, above all as true-hearted and sturdy in his maintenance of principle as ever. Another member of Parliament, an earnest Liberal of the younger generation, was with us, and he was talking to him earnestly of the strange indifference which some of the men, who were not in the conflict of 1870, were showing as to the new developments of Educational policy. He was greatly pleased when I said that they were fatally mistaken if they supposed that any excuse would be accepted by Nonconformists for desertion in this question. But despite this deep interest in the questions of the hour, and the clear, intelligent view which he took of every subject, it was only too manifest that his natural force was abated, and I could not but fear that the sentence of death was on him. For some time past he has not been a conspicuous figure in political life, but he was able to devote himself to the work of the Royal Commission on Education with great assiduity, and this, his latest

service to Nonconformity, was not the least valuable of a long series. He has died in a good old age, and leaves behind him a reputation for a stainless loyalty to principle, which secured for him the respect both of friend and foe.

The typical Welsh member (the member for Wales, as he was often called)—the representative of Nonconformity in succession to Mr. Miall—the President of the Peace Society and the consistent and able exponent of its views, he occupied an important position in the House of Commons. Of course he was regarded as a fanatic, but that was a reproach which did not trouble him. Apart from those whom the defenders of wrong call fanatics, what would become of great reforms. We thank God that Henry Richard remained a fanatic to the last. He was not tempted to any of those curious accommodations of principle to political necessity or personal feeling, by which we have of late been so often surprised. He was an able, honest, indefatigable worker for progress, and nothing could persuade him that its interests could be subserved by an alliance with its inveterate foes. We can ill spare such a man at this juncture, but he has done a noble work, and its memory will remain to influence others.

The mode of warfare which some of the defenders of the Anglican Church, bishops and others, are pursuing in Wales does not say much for their sense of fairness, and is not, in our judgment, very likely to advance their own cause. Following the distinguished example set them by the "leading journal" (?) they are making wholesale statements against the Nonconformist ministers of the Principality, and refusing to produce their evidence. The Dean of Bangor is one of the latest and most conspicuous offenders. In a speech at the Diocesan Conference he said that his bishop had shown him piles of letters from Welsh ministers applying for ordination. The only reply possible in such a case is to demand the names, and till that is done to treat the assertion as idle vapouring with a mischievous element in it. These ministers, supposing

that they are not like Falstaff's men in buckram, may be proved failures, who, having worn out the patience of their congregations, are now desirous to find refuge in a Church where ministerial efficiency is not essential to success. At all events, the probability is that those who are so ready to play the part of traitors would not be a loss to the church they are so anxious to desert, or a gain to that they desire to enter. A more definite statement is made as to one gentleman who has already seceded, and who expresses penitence for a sin of his unregenerate days, when he actually denounced the Dean for not burying an unbaptized child. The miserable coward now throws the blame upon his people, who forced him into an agitation he did not like. Nonconformity certainly has no reason to regret a man who confesses that he was a hypocrite, yielding only to the force *majeure* of popular opinion, while receiving the tribute paid to the supposed advocate of Christian charity and religious liberty. We wonder who is to answer for his sincerity and honesty now.

Of course the result of such accusations, so far as they are believed at all, is to sow discord between the ministers and their churches; but the Welsh people know and love their pastors too well to be easily persuaded to indulge such unworthy suspicions. There is, however, one side of the subject which appears to have escaped the observation of these accusers of Welsh Dissent. If it be as they say, the feeling of the Welsh people against Establishment must indeed be strong. Sometimes we are told that the agitation for religious equality is due to the social ambitions of Dissenting ministers; but here it is the people who are bent on this emancipation, and the ministers are only their instruments and tools. The Church defenders are wrong in both cases. Conscientious Nonconformity (except in the case of a faction, never very large and continually on the decrease, who dissent not because of their objection to a State Church, but because of their dislike to some doctrine or formulary) means opposition to the Establishment. The issue raised is sufficiently clear and definite; why should it not be fought out fairly and honourably? It is a battle

of principles, and what possible relevance to such a discussion has the action of a number of ministers who, for one reason or other, are discontented with their present position, but who have not the courage even to give their names? An ounce of solid argument would be worth more than tons of such accusations.

Mr. Hugh Price Hughes deserves the hearty thanks of all who desire the progress of real Christianity in this country, and are capable of appreciating sincere devotion and dauntless courage combined with great ability. In the Wesleyan Conference which has just been held at Camborne his pre-eminence as a leader of the progressive party has been more conspicuous than ever. Mr. Gostick, evidently a man of considerable discernment and independence, wittily said that "they felt it was as great a certainty that the Society (Wesleyan Missionary) would never get out of debt, as that Dr. Rigg and his disciple, Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, would be sure to speak on any subject before the Conference." These two gentlemen appear now to be the recognized leaders of rival parties, and the ability with which the latter carries on the arduous work of bringing Methodism into touch with the conditions of to-day is very marked. His intense loyalty to Methodism must stand him in good stead in the advocacy of the reforms he proposes. However many of his brethren may dislike his proposals, it is impossible to suggest that there is any lack of Evangelical zeal or any infidelity to the Methodist idea. He is possessed with a passionate desire to make Methodism a mighty power in the country, and at the same time penetrated with the conviction that if this is to be accomplished, it must adapt itself to the wants of the times. Whether all his adaptations are perfectly consistent with the principles and traditions is a point we are not competent to discuss. What we do say is, that as there is no man in the Conference who is a more convinced and devoted Methodist, so there is no one who has shown a more statesmanlike capacity for understanding the nature and

demands of the present situation. As we have studied the reports of the Conference, it has been easy to perceive, even without much reading between the lines, that Methodism has to bear as much of the stress and strain of present circumstances as any other section of Non-conformity. It is menaced on both its wings—men of wealth and culture at the one extreme being attracted to the Church of England, while those at the opposite point who long for the fervid enthusiasm of the old class and band meetings feel the attractions of the Salvation Army. Mr. Hughes has set himself to supply counteractives to both these tendencies. We may question the possibility of success in such an undertaking, but we are bound to admire the singleness of aim, the earnestness of heart, the indomitable energy which deserve the success they are not able to command. Assuredly the old Methodism of Dr. Jabez Bunting and Dr. Osborne would be unable to hold its own in these times. The changes which have already been made must be sufficiently startling, but it is clear that there must be further advance in the popular direction. The step which has been taken at the present Conference is a very important one—hardly less so than that which created the Representative Session in which lay representatives meet with the pastors. Hitherto the Pastoral Session has been held first, and the Representative Session has had to consider questions which have been previously discussed by the assembled ministers in their own assembly. It is now proposed to reverse the order of the sittings, and the proposition has been accepted for consideration by the District Meetings. As usual, Dr. Rigg offered a vehement and uncompromising opposition, and, also as usual of late, he was signally defeated. It is somewhat surprising that a man of his sagacity should believe in the possibility of maintaining Methodism on lines laid down at a time when the condition of the Established Church was so different from what is to-day. What might have been efficient in a period of weakness and apathy in the Anglican Church, is all but useless now when that Church is not only full of activity, but possessed by an aggressive spirit. At such a

time Methodism must have its own distinctive principles, and be ready to contend earnestly for them, or it will certainly decay. It is because he sees this that Mr. Price Hughes is so earnest in his endeavour to develop more fully the lay element, and he has this year scored a decided success, on which he is to be heartily congratulated. It is a service done to Catholic Christianity as well as to Methodism.

We, therefore, exceedingly regret the attack made upon him by Rev. W. Arthur, and all the more so because, so far as any outsider can judge, it was due entirely to Mr. Hughes' views on Home Rule. The offence committed was the publication of a letter from Mr. Arthur on the subject of the Union of the various Methodists, in reply to one which the Editor of *The Methodist Times* had addressed to him and other ex-Presidents. As his opinion had been sought with a view to publication, and as nearly two years had elapsed without any complaint having been made, it must have been difficult for those who listened to the opening sentences of Mr. Arthur's address to understand the secret of the present excitement. The sting was in the tail. Before concluding, Mr. Arthur revealed the animus of the attack. It was not the publication of the letter, but its publication in a journal which advocated Home Rule, that had roused the ire of our honoured friend. This is Unionism run mad. Its extravagance was only made the more conspicuous by the contrast presented by Mr. Hughes in his extremely courteous and dignified remonstrance. We are not sure whether it might not have been better to adopt a sterner tone, but Mr. Hughes is a young man with a profound admiration for his assailant, and happily he was able to repress the righteous indignation which he might properly have felt. We do not yield to him in our respect for Mr. Arthur, but that cannot prevent us from entering our protest against a teaching and conduct whose influence are all the more dangerous because of the esteem in which he is held. It is melancholy enough to see a man of Mr. Arthur's calibre taking a position hardly to be distinguished from

that of Orange bigotry, but it becomes infinitely worse when he shows himself so intolerant of a difference of opinion on the subject. Mr. Arthur's boycotting *The Methodist Times* because of its advocacy of Home Rule is not a spectacle likely to advance the cause either of Unionism or Methodism.

Why is it that this Home Rule discussion has developed so excessive an amount of political passion? And why is it that Liberal Unionists are conspicuous for their violence? The phenomena are curious, and are not easily explained. We do not know whether Mr. Goschen is still to be regarded as a Liberal, or whether he considers himself, as certainly all other people have come to consider him, as a Tory. Be this as it may, he is at all events a flagrant example of the fault of which we are speaking. As an illustration we have his late attack on Mr. Whitbread. That gentleman, it is hardly necessary to say, is one of the most respected members of the House of Commons. Mr. Goschen may be a more showy speaker, but in all the highest qualities of statesmanship it would be nothing less than impertinence to Mr. Whitbread to institute a comparison between them. He has a well-balanced mind, is singularly free from a partisan bias, and is thoroughly loyal to his party and his chief is nevertheless moderate in view and judicial temper. Mr. Goschen admits all this, and yet he says of him that his speech was one of the most extreme and violent that had been delivered, and *The Times* joined in the attack. Ambition is not the only passion that o'erleaps its mark and falls on the other side. Bigotry and party spite can make the same mistake and defeat themselves. Let us grant that Mr. Goschen is right, and that Mr. Whitbread's speech showed an excitement very unusual in so thoughtful and moderate a man. What then? It does not follow that Mr. Whitbread is necessarily wrong. We have here a statesman, occupying a position of great authority, and one qualifying him to speak on this Irish question, one who cannot be tempted by the attractions of office and power, and who looks at all subjects, if in a Liberal spirit, yet in

one of intelligence and fairness. That such a man should be roused to unwonted indignation by a particular policy is itself a *prima facie* argument against the policy. There may be some considerations in the background which, if properly weighed, would weaken the first impression, but that unquestionably must be unfavourable to the policy. The mere fact that Mr. Whitbread condemns the Balfour tyranny tells against it, but it must be execrable indeed when it so affects him as to call forth the kind of speech described by Mr. Goschen. This may appear inexplicable to those who count no sacrifice too great—not even that of England's fair fame as the friend of humanity and freedom—for the sake of preserving the Union, but even they would do well to ponder it. Many of them are so fond of dwelling on the iniquities of Mr. Gladstone that they forget he does not stand alone in his advocacy of Home Rule. Mr. Whitbread is not one of those whom Mr. Buckle or Mr. Wilson contemptuously dismisses as "units." He is sure to form an opinion for himself, and that opinion is quite as independent and arrived at by quite as intelligent methods as that of Mr. Buckle or of Mr. W. H. Smith's "old friend." Mr. Whitbread is hardly the man who would incline to favour confiscation of property, or to patronize lawlessness and disorder. Even a fierce partisan cannot impute to him a sinister motive, or suspect him of deficient intelligence. Our "new Jacobins," as Mr. Dicey calls them, must be made of sterner stuff. The argument cannot be so decisive in favour of the Government when he is not convinced by it. In our view it must be signally weak when it fails with one whose social prejudices would all incline him to its acceptance.

Dr. Brown of Bedford has made an important contribution to the rational discussion of the question in a correspondence with Lord Baring, one of the members for Bedfordshire. His lordship is the son of that eminent Whig, Lord Northbrook, who, like some others of his class, having received as high honours as Mr. Gladstone could bestow and done much discredit to his administration by

his official failure—his mismanagement of the Admiralty and his blundering in Egypt—has signalized his desertion of his former chief by the fierceness of his invectives. His son has caught his spirit, and he received the protest of the Bedfordshire Nonconformist ministers forwarded to him by Dr. Brown with but scant courtesy.

I am unaware of what your views—and the views of the Nonconformist ministers who had signed the protest—were on the Irish question in the years 1880-1885. But I supported Mr. Gladstone's Government in their Irish policy during those years; and as I have not changed my mind since then, I give my support to the policy which Her Majesty's Government is pursuing.

After dismissing this retort as a mere *tu quoque* which does not affect the rights of the case, and pointing out the difference between the conduct of Mr. Gladstone's Government and that of the present Ministry, Dr. Brown thus continues :

Coercion, as supported and made possible by Dissident Liberals, is directed not against crime but against political opponents, who are treated with all the indignities usually inflicted only upon criminals. I entirely deny that this was ever done under Mr. Gladstone's Government. It is true that Mr. Forster locked up Land Leaguers, but what was the condition of the Land Leaguer thus locked up? Let me quote from the recent life of Mr. Forster, by Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, who tells us that Mr. Forster's prisoner was only detained :

"He was treated far better than a first-class misdemeanant in an ordinary gaol. He was not degraded by having menial tasks imposed upon him. He wore his own clothes; he could, if he pleased, provide his own food: he read books and newspapers; he received his friends in prison; he associated with his fellow-captives. This was the manner in which Forster dealt with the prisoners whom he made under the Protection Act."

Contrast this with the detestable treatment of O'Brien, Sullivan, Dillon, and Mandeville by Balfour, and it will be impossible for your lordship again to say that you are in 1888 supporting the policy you supported from 1880 to 1885.

The Liberal party, still under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, has quite as large respect for law and order as the Tory party and their so-called Unionist allies. I venture to think even larger. It all depends upon what you mean by law and order. My honoured predecessor in the ministry at Bedford—John Bunyan—was locked up in gaol for more than twelve years in the supposed interests of law and order, and possibly there may be Churchmen even yet besotted and

bigoted enough to defend this treatment of one of the noblest men that ever lived; but if there are, they may be safely left to the judgment of the saner portion of mankind. And if Bunyan and men like him had not resisted the unrighteous laws of his time we of to-day would not have had the liberty of worship we enjoy. In my judgment the makers of unrighteous laws are the men who are really responsible for the violence they occasion. Consequently, the men I hold responsible for disorder in Ireland are (1) the grasping landlords who have exacted extortionate and impossible rents, and who have raised rents on the improvements made by the tenants themselves at their own expense, and who have evicted these tenants, who, if equity is to be considered, were as much proprietors as themselves; (2) the House of Lords, who threw out the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, though Mr. Forster earnestly pleaded that it was absolutely essential to the good government of Ireland; and (3) the present Government and their supporters, who have refused to deal with impossible arrears on the same principle as impossible rent.

My Lord, during your candidature in North Bedfordshire you gave the electors to understand that you would vote for equal rights for Ireland as for England. As a matter of fact you have supported a Government which has made coercion in Ireland, what it is not in England, a permanent part of the Constitution, and you have given the weight of your influence to the party under the leadership of Lord Hartington, who plainly says that he will not even hear of Local Government for Ireland until the people have given up all rational aspiration for self-government, and for deliverance from the *régime* of that Dublin Castle which even Mr. Chamberlain has denounced as utterly indefensible. The Dissident Liberals are, in my opinion, living in a fool's paradise if they think that the great body of the English people have lost their old love of liberty, or that they will long be parties to a system which aims at the repression of the rights of a high-spirited and sensitive nation. You may depend upon it that liberated Demos on this side of St. George's Channel will, sooner or later, make common cause with oppressed Demos on the other side. I know it is proverbially unsafe to prophesy, yet I will venture to predict that when the next appeal is made to the country the Dissident Liberals will not be so much vanquished as annihilated. Or if a stray man here and there should find his way into Parliament again it will be by Tory votes—that is by the votes of the party historically associated with reaction and tyranny.

Dr. Brown was just the man to put the case of Bunyan. Of course there will be numbers ready to say that Bunyan was obeying the voice of conscience in resisting an unjust law. But even that plea admits an exception to this absolute supremacy of law. Indeed the right feeling of impartial

men never fails ultimately to make such exceptions, and to recognize the distinction between disobedience prompted by selfish motives and criminous purpose and disobedience resulting from convictions however mistaken. The parent who will not have his child vaccinated disobeys law, and does it at serious risk to the community, but public opinion has made it impossible to carry out the full penalties of the law in such cases.

ROYAL COMMISSION ON EDUCATION.

DR. CROSSKEY'S EVIDENCE.

(*Dr. Rigg is Examining.*)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE examination of Dr. Crosskey has peculiar interest, as being in reality a discussion of the Nonconformist position by two able exponents of the opposing views. Dr. Crosskey may not always represent our opinions on some of the abstract questions which his examiner is so eager to raise in the hope of entangling him in difficulties, or apparently of awakening the *odium theologicum*. But the point at issue was one of conscience and its rights, not of theology. A man may, in our view, be heterodox; that is, his opinions may differ from ours, but that does not deprive him of his rights as a citizen. A point which cannot be too strongly emphasized is that we are doing a wrong to others when we avail ourselves of the authority or help of the State to advance what we regard as sound theology. This is the root of the fallacy which underlies much of the reasoning on this subject, and it may be traced in many of Dr. Rigg's questions. That gentleman is one of the most uncompromising members of that extraordinary confederacy of denominationalists on the Commission, whose object is to secure more aid from the Government on behalf of sectarian schools. Romish priests and Anglican clergymen would

seem to be in their right places in such a conspiracy, but that a Wesleyan Methodist should be a party to it, is certainly somewhat surprising. To do Dr. Rigg justice, however, he has always been consistent in his action. The reasons of it are apparent in the course of the examination. His belief is that he is promoting the cause of religion. Our conviction, on the contrary, is that he is sacrificing the substance to the shadow. It is in the interests of religious education that we oppose all attempts to invoke any interference of the State on its behalf.

41,704. As a matter of fact, the only example that you can give of your system having been a success is one school in Birmingham?—No, not at all. Having these separate lessons given by Church of England ministers in their own schools when they are transferred is only part of what I contend for. I say let them have that opportunity, and if they do not choose to take advantage of it, or if the people do not want it, I still contend that both education and religion would be better served by the plan that I propose.

41,705. I am obliged to ask you this again, though I can hardly be mistaken: In respect of day-school education, what you maintain, as I understand, is that morals and religion should be entirely separated so far as instruction is concerned?—So far as the instruction in day-schools is concerned, it should be confined to the inculcation of moral principles.

41,706. Am I or am I not right in believing that what you hold is, that so far as instruction in day schools is concerned you would have morals and religion (I think I am quoting your very words) entirely separated?—Yes; any moral teaching given in those schools by the master should be entirely separated from religious instruction.

41,707. I am bound to ask you whether you are of opinion that religion and morals should be entirely separated from each other in Sunday school instruction?—Yes.

41,708. And whether you think it desirable that religion and morals should be separated from each other in family education and training? No.

41,709. Are not day schools to very many children in the place of home instruction and influence?—To some they are. Do you mean that some children do not get religious education at home?

41,710. I mean that what in better families would be gained by home instruction and influence, in regard to many of the children with whom our problem is concerned, is not to be gained at home, and that the influences of the day school in fact have to take the place of good and genial home influences; do you or do you not hold that view of what day schools should do and be?—No, that assumes the whole

point at issue. I believe that many children as a matter of course unfortunately cannot obtain at home what others obtain; but it is another question whether the day school is the place where all those elements should be supplied.

41,711. In fact you do not think that in the case of those children who have no civilizing and moralizing home influences, an attempt, so far as religious moralizing goes, should be at all made to supply the lack in a public day school?—I think that a public day school should be devoted to their moral teaching, and I think that the Church of England, together with all other churches, should work with tenfold greater activity to supply the religious training.

41,712. I must submit that that is hardly an answer. My question was one which admitted of a yes or a no being given to it?—Unfortunately a yes or a no would imply that I admit or do not admit two or three propositions that are involved in the question. The question may involve the proposition that a day school has to do all that these poor children want; that because they do not get it at home, therefore the day school is to give it. I say that there are other means.

41,713. I asked whether you believed that a day school was at all intended to do the part that might otherwise be done at home, and if the answer is no, would it not be better to say so?—Not the whole part of it.

41,714. Not the particular part that I am inquiring about, namely, the religious and moral influences?—The moral influences, yes; the religious influences should be undertaken by the Churches with their activities.

41,715. Let me ask you another question; do the children who are most in need of being moralized go to Sunday schools?—Some do, and I must repeat again and again that if the Church activities were released from their present strain of carrying on day schools they would be able to do more in that direction.

41,716. I do not ask you for an hypothetical answer. I ask for an answer as to a matter of fact at the present time; we have to deal with the problem of education in England; do the great majority of the children who are most in need of being moralized attend Sunday schools at present or not; that is my question?—Whether the majority attend those schools or not, there is no doubt that a great many of them are not in Sunday schools; but it is perfectly fair for me to add that I believe the influences would be extended, under the system which I advocate, to make them attend Sunday schools. That is part of my case. It is not fair to exclude half of my case. My case is that there would be increased Church activities; it is not right to throw upon me the odium of imagining that I want to condemn children to ignorance and vice.

41,717. You spoke a little hastily, I should think, in using an expression that you would not like to stand by; you spoke of the connexion of morality and religion in day schools as muddling up the two sub-

jects?—Well, mixing up the two subjects. I often think that in the minds of the scholars it does amount to that. I do not want to use the word offensively, but my belief is that it does confuse the minds of scholars when such questions as those I read at my last examination are asked as religious questions. History and grammar questions are given at the same institution, and by the same masters, and the Biblical instruction is confounded with the task work.

41,718. I would like to ask whether the view which you have expressed with regard to the separation of the principles of religion from the precepts of morality in instruction is consistent with your ideas and principles generally as to the science or art of teaching?—Certainly.

41,719. For example, do you think that in training teachers for their life work the principles and the practice of the art of teaching should be quite separately taught by different teachers?—That is entirely a different subject; there is no analogy. The analogy in my mind is between scientific teaching of the laws of nature and the religious teaching of the will of the Eternal God, which those laws express.

41,720. I thought that in your former evidence you laid very great stress indeed upon the teachers who are being trained in training colleges being taught not only the art and practice of their profession but the scientific principles upon which that art and practice of their profession rest?—Certainly.

41,721. And you do not see anything inconsistent with that principle in maintaining that the principles of religion ought to be taught apart from the practice of morality?—There is no inconsistency between the two statements; the practice and laws of morality are teachable by themselves, and the basis upon which they rest is also teachable by itself; the two things do not run together in the slightest degree.

41,722. The art and practice of teaching, so far as mere maxims are concerned, are capable of being taught, and have often been taught by themselves apart. I understood you to say that they are much better taught in conjunction with the scientific principles upon which they rest?—I meant by that, of course, that both those things should be taught; I do not maintain that it is necessary to have the same teacher at a normal college to teach the art and the principle.

41,723. Then you think that at the normal college one person may take up with advantage the scientific principles, and another may with advantage teach the practice which depends upon those principles?—That would be entirely dependent upon the arrangements of the colleges; it is neither here nor there in the question before us. I can imagine one teacher giving lectures on the principles of teaching, and I can imagine another teacher showing how to conduct a class.

41,724. You think that there is no connexion, in short, between the two subjects?—I do not think that there is any relevance between that particular illustration and the separate teaching of morality and religion.

41,725. I understand you to say that there is a great grievance in

the case of school boards and board schools, that they cannot have their teachers trained apart from any denomination?—It is a great grievance that they cannot have teachers who are entirely trained for the teaching profession, apart from any denominational considerations.

41,726. That is, I believe, a question which would have warranted an affirmative answer. I think this is the language which you use, "I think it is a great grievance to school boards that we cannot have trained teachers apart from any sect or denomination"?—Yes.

41,727. Is this a generally felt and expressed grievance?—I have heard it very widely expressed.

41,728. Have school boards generally made complaints as to this grievance?—Many large school boards have complained bitterly of the present denominational system of training teachers; we have evidence of that in such places as London, Birmingham, and Nottingham. I can give you resolutions that have been passed by the Birmingham School Board.

41,729. To the effect that they wished their teachers to be trained in institutions which are absolutely secular?—No, that is not what I said; but they are to the effect that they prefer them to be trained in day training colleges.

41,730. That, I submit, is a different question altogether. The present system is said to be a public grievance, and I want to know upon what evidence that statement rests. Do the majority of the parents of candidates object to their children being trained at distinctly religious training colleges?—Many of them and many teachers to my certain personal knowledge object to the present system.

41,731. I was not asking about the teachers. I was asking whether the parents of children who are to be trained do as a class and are known as a class to object to their children being sent to distinctly religious training colleges?—I have not come into contact with many parents.

41,732. I am trying to find out on what ground the statement rests; is it a grievance to the parents?—I think it is a grievance to the community at large.

41,733. Has it been declared to be a grievance by the parents?—I have known cases of that sort.

41,734. I did not ask whether a few might so have done, but whether it is a generally felt and expressed grievance?—In my argument I use the expression "public" grievance in its natural sense. I use the word "public" grievance in the same way as I use the word "public" injustice, meaning that the system is unjust to the teaching profession and to the community; in that sense it is a public grievance.

41,735. Of course statements must be tested, and I am trying to analyse the statement to find out what it amounts to when it is tested, and what evidence there is for it. I presume you would scarcely question that the parents of the great majority of the children who are to be pupil teachers and who are to go forward to colleges are them-

selves attached to some particular denomination of Christians?—No doubt many are.

41,736. Would you feel disposed to question the statement that most of them are?—No. I am trying to speak within my knowledge, and I should say that it is possible that a large number are.

41,737. And even those who are not, if I am to judge from your answer to a former question, would desire their children to be religiously brought up?—No doubt.

41,738. May I ask whether they feel it to be a grievance that their children go to a training college home which is organized upon a basis of Christian family instruction?—My answer to that is that the grievance of which I am speaking is a public wrong, that it injures the education of the nation, and I should not take the opinion of parents in such cases as those to which you allude with respect to the advantages or disadvantages of the denominational system of training teachers. That is a question of high public interest, which has to be decided on public grounds.

41,739. Can you imagine public grounds in regard to the relations of parents and children which ignore the feelings and convictions and desires of the parents in a matter of that kind?—I do not think that it would ignore them to have denominational colleges put aside.

41,740. I am asking you whether you have any reason to suppose that the parents themselves do not desire their children to go to be trained at distinctly religious training colleges. Your statement was, that you did not mind what the parents thought about it, and thereupon my question was, is it not a matter as to which a wise and equitable statesman should consider what the parents feel and desire in regard to a question of this sort?—I never said that I did not mind what the parents felt. I said that the tribunal to decide this question is a tribunal to be composed of those who study the question of national education and administer it, and who wish to obtain the best educational system for the country. I have not the slightest doubt that the parents of the country would fall in with the results of their deliberations.

41,741. Do you suppose that there is any considerable number of parents who really desire their children to be brought up with less definite and dogmatic instruction than is given in the British and Foreign Training College, where their children go to be trained as teachers?—Possibly not, but I am not aware that in my evidence I was examined upon the training college system; that involves a great many considerations of another kind.

41,742. But your statement was that the present system is a grievance and a wrong?—In the directions which I pointed out. My evidence did not cover the whole question of training colleges; it was on the point of refusing admission to schools.

41,743. As to refusing admission to schools, I presume that you contend that teachers with no particular religious opinions should have

free access to all schools? I contend that in selecting a teacher simply the purpose for which he is to be engaged should be considered, and no other object.

41,744. At this present time are there not far more board schools open than there are teachers with no particular opinions to enter schools?—I am not saying that a teacher should have no particular opinions. I say, that in engaging him as a teacher, the only thing that the board should look at should be his teaching qualifications on the subjects for which he is required.

41,745. Still you intimated that it was a grievance to those teachers who could not adopt a certain religious shibboleth that they should find difficulty in obtaining access to schools?—Certainly.

41,746. I want to know whether there are not board schools in this country now in sufficient numbers to provide for teachers who have any special difficulty in regard to a doctrinal shibboleth, if I may use the ugly word?—Even if there were it would not answer my objection, because my objection is that the whole teaching profession is dragged down by the sectarian tests.

41,747. I will put the question in another way. Do not the school boards at the present time, as a matter of fact, seek out and prefer teachers with definite religious convictions?—Some boards unfortunately do, as I think very wrongly, make a doctrinal belief a certain kind of test. I think that that is extremely wrong in the case of a national school supported by public money.

41,748. You object to any public money being contributed towards any denominational school or training college; you regard that as a State endowment of religion?—I do.

41,749. Let me put a real case, not an imaginary one, in order that I may clearly understand your principle. There is a day school attached to a denominational orphanage, which day school is not under Government inspection, and yet it takes advantage of the grants which are paid to scholars who pass the examinations of the Science and Art Department; do you object to such an appropriation of public money?—That is another question altogether. If you wish me to go into the question of the Science and Art Department I can do so.

41,750. No; I simply want you to give me an answer to a very plain question. In the case of this school they obtain public money through the channel of the Science and Art Department; it is a denominational school, but it is not under Government inspection, and the children of the school are examined under the regulation of the Science and Art Department by those who are sent from that Department to examine, and they take the grant?—That is to say, that those children are organized into a special class for that specific purpose with its proper managers responsible for that, and therefore that class constitutes a separate entity.

41,751. You do not consider that that is a case of State endowed religion?—When a class is organized in that way, as a separate class

for a specific purpose, with its own management, under the requirements of the Department, of course the Department then only looks upon it as a distinct class, which it is.

41,752. Is the question what the Department looks to, or is the question how you regard it?—I should regard it simply as a distinct class organized for that purpose, and with its own distinct line.

41,753. Does public money go to the maintenance of that particular school, the children of which take these grants under the Science and Art Department?—You are assuming that it does not, I presume.

41,754. I am asking your opinion; do you say that public money is contributed to the support of this denominational school the children of which under the Science and Art Department obtain these grants, though it is not an inspected school; do you consider that public money goes to the support of that school.—The analogy does not hold.

41,755. May I ask for an answer; do you consider that public money goes to the support of that school?—It goes to this particular class of which you speak as connected with the Science and Art Department.

41,756. Does that enter into the resources of that school for its maintenance?—That I cannot tell. I know nothing of the school in question.

41,757. However, you do not think that that is a case of State endowment of religion?—I could not tell unless I knew all the circumstances of the school.

41,758. You think it is possible that it may not be a case of State endowed religion?—It is such a hypothetical school that I cannot make any answer.

41,759. Your ground, if it is not a State endowed religion, is that the money is paid simply to the children in respect to these grants under the Science and Art Department, class by class, and that that is not a State endowed religion?—I do not want to avoid the question, but until I know the facts and the whole circumstances of the school I could not possibly say.

41,760. I have quoted a very well-known case. Now, in the denominational schools the grant is not given for religious instruction, is it?—My contention is that it goes to the support of the schools.

41,761. Then you think that in the case of the money that comes from the Science and Art Department under the Privy Council that is not a State endowment, but that the money that comes otherwise in the shape of grants from the Education Department is an endowment?—The case quoted to me is so hypothetical and I have no details of it that I cannot run the two together. I say that when a particular school which teaches dogmatic creeds, and has teachers who belong to one denomination, receives a grant, and is largely supported by that grant, the money practically supports a denominational institution.

41,762. But the school of which I speak is a denominational school

which receives grants from the Science and Art Department on account of the excellent teaching given in the school, and the excellent performances of the children, and the money goes into the coffers of that denominational school; is there any difference between the cases?—I could not say until I have studied the whole of that case.

41,763. In the case of a denominational school, if more or less religion is taught, it makes no difference to the Government grant, does it? The Government grant is not dependent at all on any teaching of religion, is it?—No; but that does not answer my argument.

41,764. I only wanted to know whether that was the case?—You may give more or less and still receive the same amount of grant.

41,765. If there were two schools, side by side, one of which taught no religion, and the other taught religion, the one which teaches no religion producing the same secular results would receive the same money, would it not?—It would receive the same money if its secular education were as good, but one would be a sectarian institution which the State money hopes to keep alive; and that is my objection.

41,766. Still the grant would be given by the Department for the secular results in the case of these schools, as the grant is given by the Science and Art Department for the proficiency in science and art; is there any difference? The statement that it is given for secular results seems to me a mere fiction; it supports the whole body corporate of the school.

41,767. Is not that so with regard to the grants that go from the Science and Art Department; do they not help to support the whole body of the school?—I say that I cannot answer a particular case quoted to me without knowing all the circumstances; and if it did two blacks would not make a white.

41,768. I only want to know whether you think it a black?—I cannot tell until I know all about it.

41,769. As to board schools in which the Scriptures are read and explained, there, I think, you say that there is a direct endowment of religion out of the rates?—I object to that.

41,770. You say it is a direct endowment of religion out of the rates?—I do.

41,771. That is to say, that where any religion is taught by the teachers in a board school, where the Scriptures are read and explained, there is a sort of State endowment of a new religious establishment for the instruction of children?—Yes, I should say so.

41,772. Therefore you are entirely opposed to the arrangement of all great boards which allow of such instruction being given?—I am.

41,773. You do not suppose that your view is a view supported by public opinion?—I may not have the majority on my side, but it is impossible to test the matter now; as long as the cumulative vote continues it is impossible to test it.

41,774. I wish now to ask a question on the supposition that your

system comes to be the universally established system in the country, that there were no public elementary schools in the country, but secular board schools with no religion taught, with no duty or obligation of religion referred to in the school by the teachers, but that the children should be taught religion out of school; I must trouble you to explain in what rooms the religion is to be taught, apart from the ordinary school teaching, and at what times?—As for rooms, the rooms of the school, and the rooms connected with churches; as for the time, that would depend upon the local arrangements; it might be if it happened to be in the schools, in the morning; if it were in the churches, and if the people preferred entirely to connect it with the churches, as I quite conceive that they may do, it may either be in the evening or on Sundays, as the different religious bodies may arrange.

41,775. In the churches you cannot think that a very practical idea that it might be taught on week-day evenings for children who are day scholars?—It is not impracticable. I do not say that it would be so, but there are many bands of hope and different religious meetings of children in the week time at the present moment.

41,776. But you would not think that for many children only to have religion referred to on Sundays would be an ideal thing, children that do not, for instance, have daily influence of a good Christian sort in their homes? I think that the ideal thing is, of course, for the family as well as the Church to surround the child with religious influences.

41,777. I think I have not expressed myself very clearly. Where there is no family that can give the religious instruction, and you have to make the very best of the circumstances, you would not think it the best possible arrangement for the children under such conditions that they should be taught only on the Sunday, whilst they have everything about them opposed to religion all the week through?—I should hope and believe that as education extends they would largely improve. In the meantime I believe that those children would be reached by many agencies in the week day evenings which, although they might not be directly religious, would uplift them, and lead them on to religion.

41,778. You would not, however, as I understand, object to religious instruction being given in class rooms if it could be made convenient?—Certainly not.

41,779. May I ask whether it would not be equivalent to an endowment out of public funds for all the various churches to give religious instruction in class-rooms in that way?—The cost is extremely slight.

41,780. It is not a question of principle, but of cost, then?—The rental is so slight, it amounts to nothing; I would charge a slight return equivalent to the cost, which is a mere nothing. I handed in our charges on the last occasion.

41,781. Still as they did not build them themselves, and the return

is very slight, would it not be equivalent to an endowment?—No, not if it were granted at a fair rental.

41,782. As to the training colleges, the Government at present allows 75 per cent. of the maintenance, not, however, including the costs of enlargement or alteration, or improvement of premises, or the cost of practising schools; should you be surprised to learn, as to two colleges with which I am connected, that, besides the cost of building and furnishing the colleges and schools, the denomination pays £500 a year, for the practising schools alone, out of its own funds, in order to make them what they should be?—That may be.

41,783. And that on the two colleges, including the cost of the practising schools, they lay out every year on an average about £2,000?—That may be. Of course, if you say it, it must be perfectly correct; but if I were to enter upon the question of training colleges I should raise an absolute objection to the public money going to the denominational institutions because they are denominational institutions.

41,784. But if what I have said is anything like the truth, can you maintain that the Government do more in paying three-fourths of the cost than to pay a fair moderate allowance for the expense that the denomination has been to in training teachers for the national use? I deny altogether the right of the State, as representing the nation, to pay any money to denominations to do that work.

41,785. That was hardly my question, the objection has been put not so much on that abstract principle as on the assertion that the Government pays the cost for the denomination's benefit. I was asking the question to show whether the Government does not pay a very small proportion of the cost for the nation's benefit?—I think it is for the nation's injury that the teachers should be trained by the denomination instead of at a national establishment connected with the universities or at day colleges which there might be in our great towns.

41,786. I presume that you would feel that your theory is only practicable on the supposition of universal day colleges?—There should be day training colleges; but there might also be boarding colleges with arrangements similar to those made at the universities. Since Oxford and Cambridge have been thrown open there is really no difficulty.

48,787. I presume that your theory is only compatible with the idea that the only training colleges in the country should be day training colleges?—No, not at all; I have no objection to an institution connected with the universities, not the slightest.
